

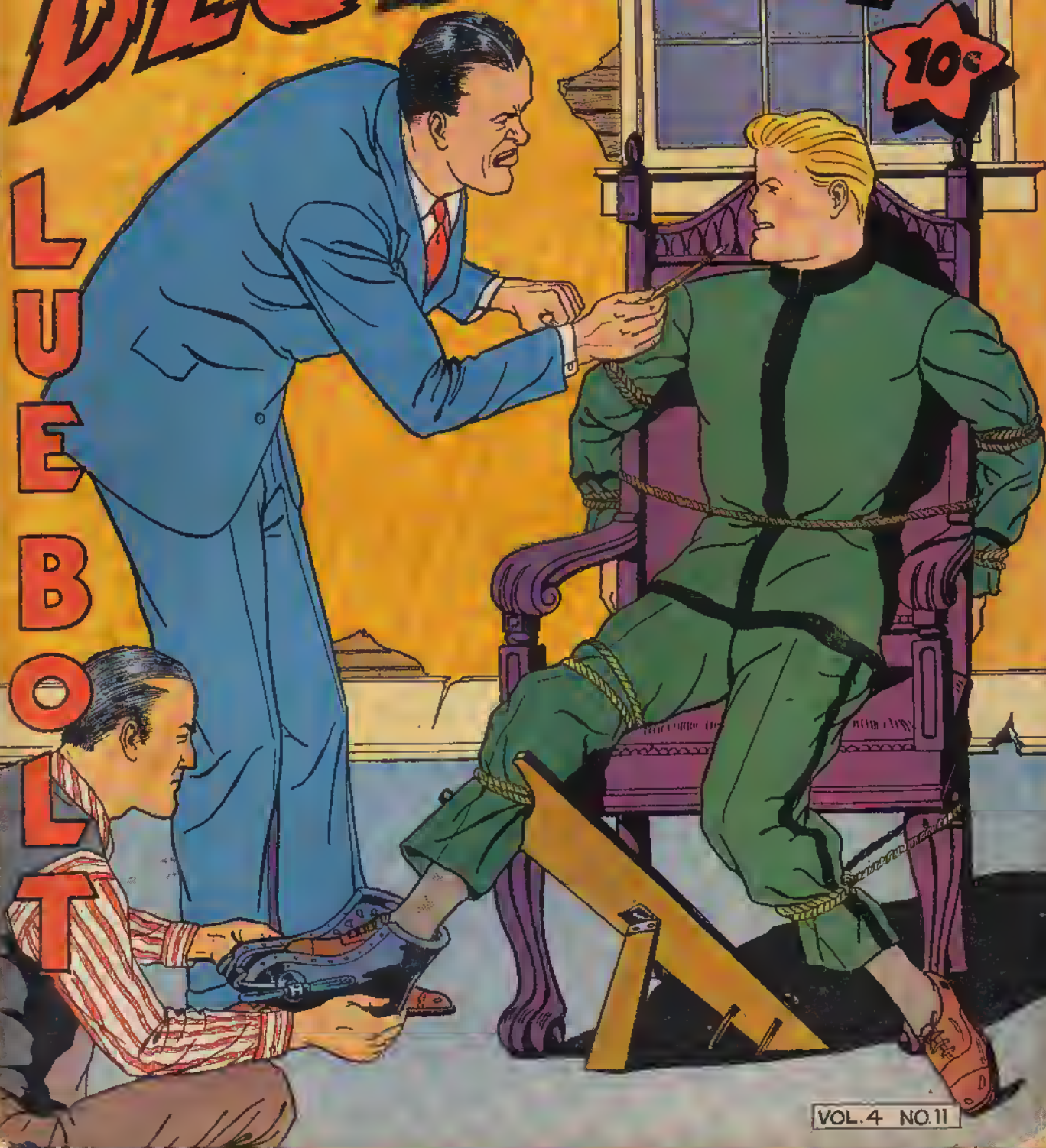
★ FEATURING
DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

JUNE

10¢

BLUE
BOLT



VOL. 4 NO. 11

[illegible]

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

Youthful readers of **BLUE BOLT** can tell their parents that the editors select good, clean, straight adventure stories and comedy material. We look for interesting and amusing ideas, and try to get good drawing, good color work, good lettering. . . . **Always read your BLUE BOLT** in a good light. You'll enjoy the drawings more. You'll read the lettering easier. You'll take better care of your eyes. . . . **Only a few out of many** good letters received this month can be printed. We'll mention, though, some of the good ideas sent in by readers whose letters were not printed. . . . **Charles Boye**, a Seabee, noted that we misspelled the name of that grand organization. We'll get it right hereafter. . . . **Alice Fedena** of Chester, Pennsylvania, asks for more stories about girls, saying "you might think girls aren't important." It isn't that, Alice. We are just trying to please the majority of our readers. **If** readers want more girls in **BLUE BOLT**, we can print more stories about girls. . . . **Joanne Motsinger** of Snyder, New York, tells of her two little dachshunds who aren't tall

enough to join the Canine Corps but who have given up meat for the duration. Her pet alligator isn't so cooperative, she says, as he insists on four tablespoons of hamburger each week.

Norman Legg and the members of his family write to fifty-four servicemen. Norman has a brother in Italy whom he hasn't seen in almost three years. . . . **Ralph Newell** of Utica, Illinois, borrowed a stack of comic books from his cousin Corky, read them all, and selected **BLUE BOLT** as the best. . . . **Are you a reader** who has good ideas about **BLUE BOLT** but hesitates to write? You're just the person we'd like to hear from. Even if your letter isn't printed, the editors will read it carefully and consider your thoughts. You can help make **BLUE BOLT** a better magazine, so come along, write, and give your honest opinions. One dollar will be paid for each letter published.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

Howdy Molefaces:

BLUE BOLT COMICS they always take a prize (the booby prize). Humor is humor but don't you think you're stretching things a bit far with Krisco and Jasper. **BLUE BOLT** is my second worst comic book with **TARGET** coming in last. Aren't your little letter writers—I should say Zombie followers—cute little loving things though. Everyone knows that though you get sweet notes from little bribe kiddies they aren't for congratulations but to win a dollar or two.

I have 9,119,991.919 1000 dollar war bonds (ain't I patriotic).

I do suppose lots of guys write in letters like me, but you'd be ashamed to put them on the moleface's (editor's no doubt) page, eh! My dear molefaces what you need is a new magazine (completely new).

Yours truly,
Giles Schulte
Erie, Pa.

We'll gladly pay for and print a **GOOD** letter of criticism. America is a free country, and we all have the right to express our opinions. But it's more helpful when critical writers say just **WHY** they do not like a feature. We will not print other letters like yours, Giles. Think it over, and you will realize that there are several good reasons why we say that.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I like **BLUE BOLT COMICS** better than any yet. I have but one criticism. I think you should take out Old Cap

Hawkins and put in someone that girls like. Most girls like Fearless Fellers because there is a girl in it. Dick Cole is marvelous.

That's not the only thing I like about **BLUE BOLT**. It's swell the way the editors take the criticism.

A reader,
Diane Miller
St. Louis, Mo.

Thanks a lot, Diane. We are glad you find so much you like in **BLUE BOLT**.

* * *

A V-Mail letter from Robert Wilson, W.O., passed by Naval censor.

Dear Sirs:

One of your Comic Magazines found its way up here in the frozen north. Being a Seabee, I naturally enjoyed Krisco and Jasper in the Seabees.

While there is not much likelihood that another **BLUE BOLT** will find its way to this island, I would certainly enjoy following the adventures of the above-mentioned sailors.

Very truly yours,
Robert Wilson, W.O.

Krisco and Jasper are an entertaining pair. We hope they can keep up with you, wherever you go.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I am a boy of nine years of age and I am in the fifth grade. I like **BLUE BOLT COMICS** very much. I like Edison Bell because I like to read about a typical American boy and I think Eddie and his pals are very patriotic because they make their own **WOODEN** things.

I make Eddie's inventions because he

makes very interesting things. I never missed an issue of **BLUE BOLT** and I never will.

I buy many War Savings Stamps and Bonds. I have four Bonds now and have \$13.40 in my new book. I am a Junior Service Warden and collect old rags, paper, tin cans, and rubber.

Yours always,
Kenneth Chane
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your contribution to the war effort is fine, Ken, and we're glad that you relax and enjoy Edison Bell now and then.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading **BLUE BOLT COMICS** ever since I can remember, and I like it very much. Dick Cole and Sergeant Spook are my favorites.

I am fifteen years old and a freshman in George Washington High School.

I have bought at least \$200 worth of War Bonds and will keep on buying them until victory is won. I buy War Bonds so that victory will be won sooner.

When the United Nations win, my native land, Greece, will be freed from the Germans. I was born in Greece and came to America with my parents when I was a baby.

Yours truly,
Lillian Kalezis
Danville, Va.

All good Americans will rejoice with you, Lillian, when Greece and other countries overrun by the Nazis are freed from their oppressors.

Address Your Mail to **BLUE BOLT COMICS**, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

DICK COLE



JTM WILCOX-44

AFTERNOON CLASSES ARE OVER AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, AND, IT BEING THE LAST WEEK OF THE SCHOOL YEAR, THE BOYS HAVE FREE TIME UNTIL EVENING MESS. WE FIND DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO IN THEIR ROOM—

DICK, DO ME A BIG FAVOR? TAKE THIS ENVELOPE TO MR. MAXON OF MAXON COMPANY IN CENTERVIEW? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT. I CAN'T GO—I HAVE TO CRAM FOR MY EXAM TOMORROW.

GLAD TO, SIMBA. I CAN MAKE IT AND RETURN IN TIME FOR EVENING MESS.

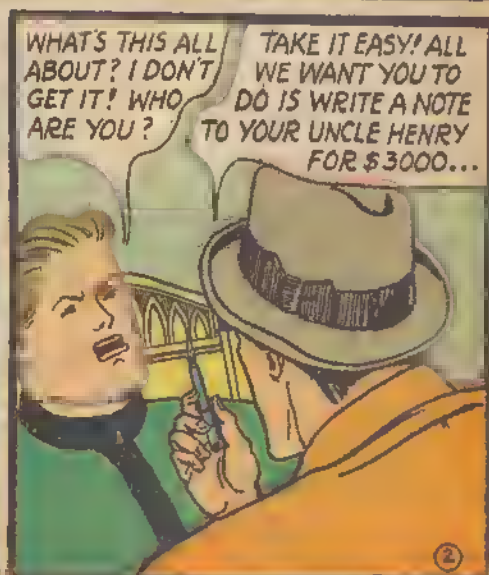
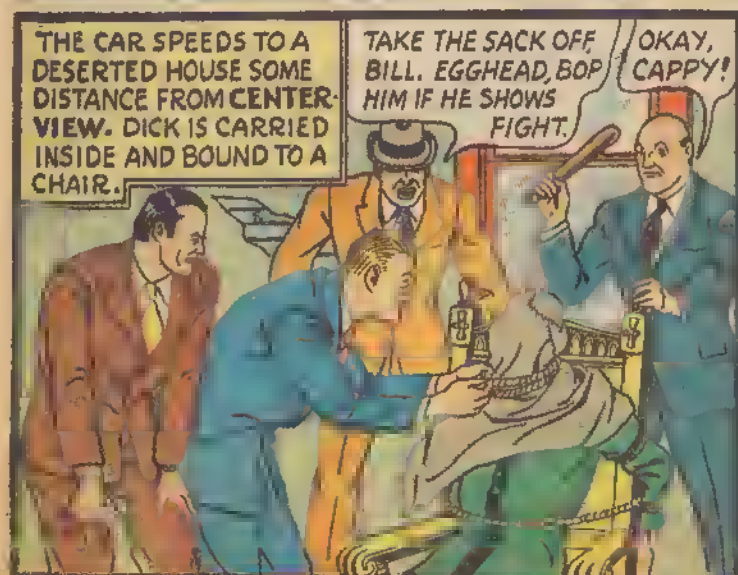
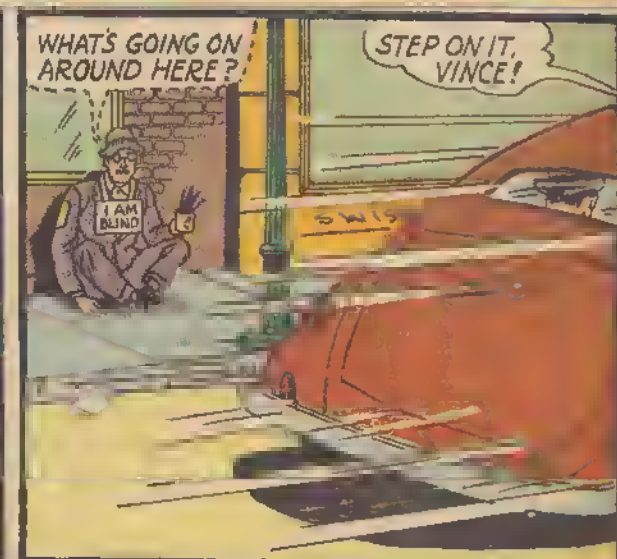
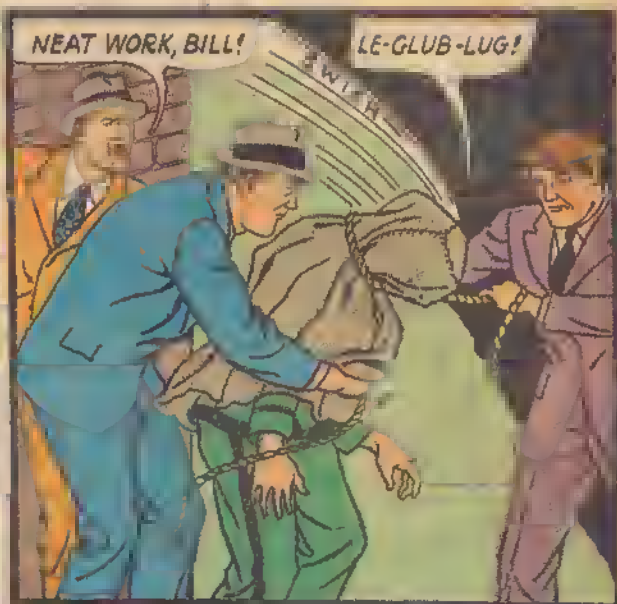
AN HOUR LATER DICK IS IN CENTERVIEW.

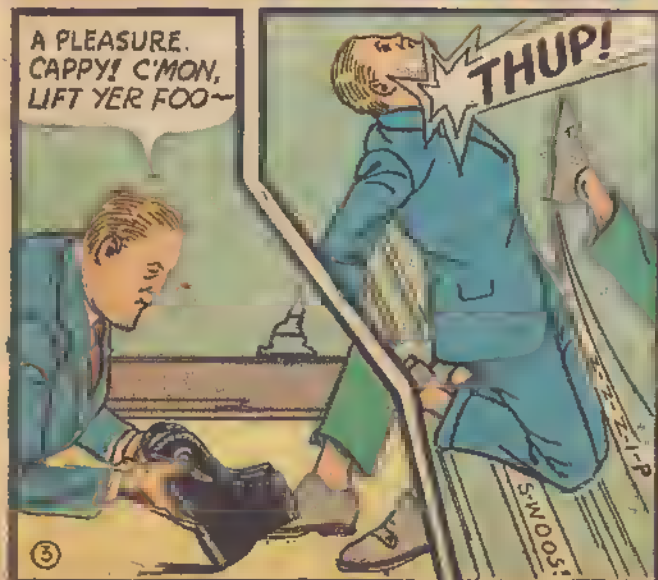
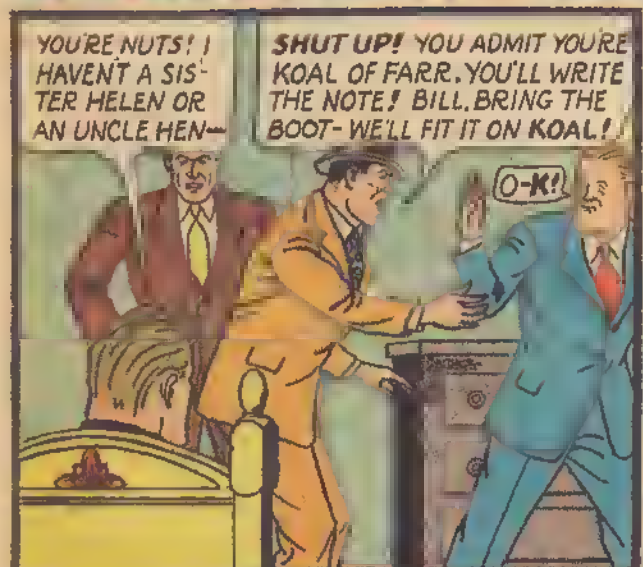
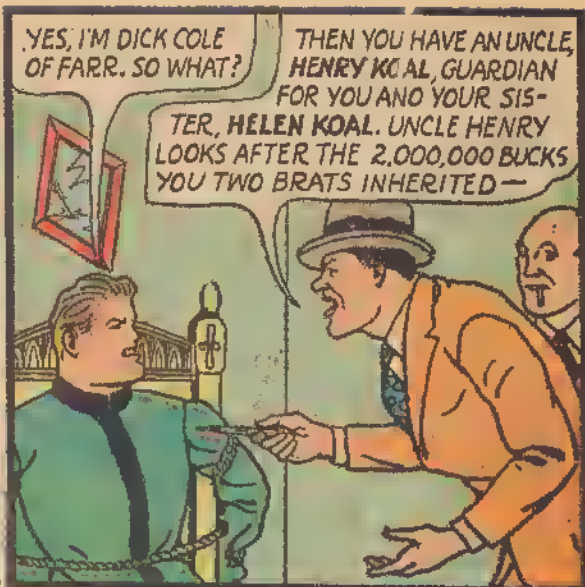
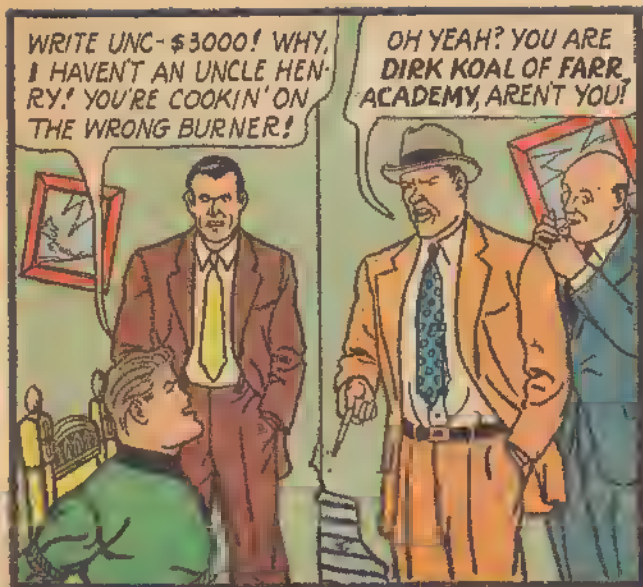
LET'S SEE, MAXON'S IS ON SOUTH STREET. TEN MINUTES WALK THE BACK WAY.

DICK DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HE IS FOLLOWED.

AS HE PASSES A DARK ALLEY THERE IS A SHRILL WHISTLE —







WHAT! NO GRDANS? A BIT TIGHTER, VINCE!



AS THE CRUEL PRESSURE INCREASES, DICK GIVES AN INVOLUNTARY MOAN.

RESULTS! EASE IT A BIT, VINCE... NOW, KOAL... WILL YOU WRITE THAT LETTER?



YOU FIEND! I WOULDN'T WRITE IT IF I HAD AN UNCLE!

TSK-TSK, VINCE. SOME REAL PRESSURE FOR A MINUTE OR TWO!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO FARR ACADEMY. SIMBA IS, SOMEHOW, WORRIED OVER DICK'S ABSENCE FROM MESS.

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK MAYBE HE MISSED THE BUS...



WONDER WHY I'M WORRIED? BY GOLLY! I'M GONNA MAKE A SNEAK!

GOOD DESSE, EH, KID?



SLIPPING OUT THE BACK WAY, SIMBA RACES TO THE BUS STOP



WELL, HERE I AM IN CENTERVIEW BUT WHERE—UK-OH! THAT CAP! HEY, KID. C'MERE, WILL YUH?

WHATCHA WANT?



I'LL GIVE YOU TWO BITS TO SEE THAT CAP.

OKE! IF YOU'LL GIVE IT BACK.

O-I-C-H C-O-L-SON! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS!



I FOUND IT IN THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE EVANS GROCERY STORE. FINDERS KEEPERS! SO GIMME!

SIMBA RACES TO EVANS GROCERY STORE.

THIS MUST BE THE ALLEY.
NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND-

MAYBE I
CAN HELP
YOU?



HUH?. BUT-YOU'RE BLI- ER-AH.
THANKS. I'M LOOKING FOR MY
PAL WHO WAS
HERE AWHILE

FARR STUDENT,
YES? TWO BUCKS
AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
HAPPENED.



THANKS, BUO.. THREE MEN
JUMPEO YOUR PAL, PUT
HIM IN A CAR, AND BEAT
IT EAST ON ELM STREET.
AND THAT'S ALL.



YOU DARNED OLD PHONEY- THANKS!
BUT WHERE
DID THEY~

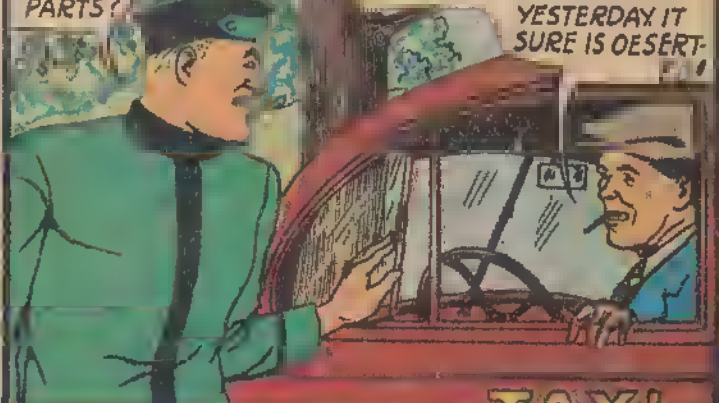
SORRY. I COULDN'T
SEE THAT FAR!
HEH-HEH-HEH!



ON A HUNCH SIMBA GOES UP THE STREET TO A CAB
STAND.

SAY, MAC, IS THERE A CAVE
OR DESERTED HOUSE IN
THESE
PARTS?

FUNNY YOU
ASK. I OROVE A GUY OUT
TO THE DLO QUINN PLACE
YESTERDAY IT
SURE IS DESERT.



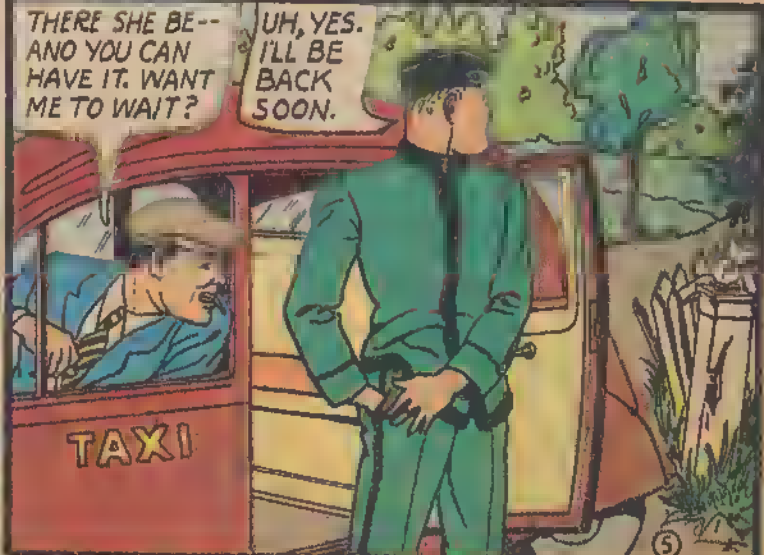
FIVE BUCKS EXTRA
IF YOU MAKE IT IN
HALF TIME!

BROTHER,
YOU'RE PRAC-
TICALLY THERE.



THERE SHE BE--
AND YOU CAN
HAVE IT. WANT
ME TO WAIT?

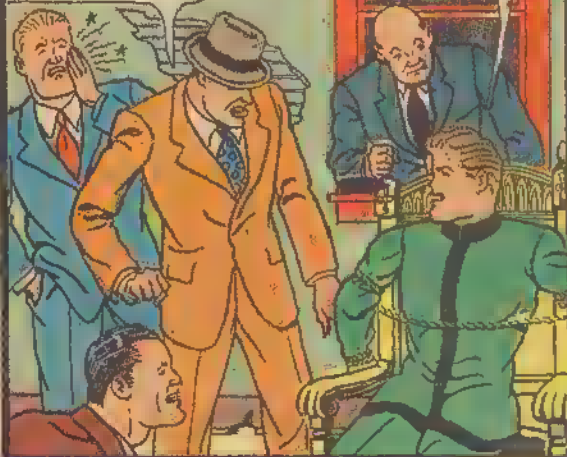
UH, YES.
I'LL BE
BACK
SOON.



AS SIMBA NEARS THE HOUSE HE HEARS VOICES.... HE CLIMBS ONTO A RICKETY RAIN BARREL AND PEERS THROUGH A CRACK IN A SHUTTER - AND INSIDE, SEES-



YOU BULL-HEADED DOPE! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO CHANGE YOUR MIND. IF YOU DON'T--!!



I HAVEN'T ANY UNCLE! I WON'T WRITE!

O-O-OH! AN IRON BOOT! IT'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN OICK'S FOOT!...THIS IS NO GOOD-- I'LL TRY IN BACK.



SIMBA FINDS AN UN-FASTENED SHUTTER.

SOMEHOW I GOT TO GET 'EM OUT OF THAT ROOM SO I CAN FREE DICK



WELL, WELL! OLD PAPERS AND TRASH! NOW A NICE FIRE--?



THE FIVE MINUTES ARE UP! WELL--

CAPPY!! I-- SMELL SMOKE! SOMETHING'S ON FIRE!



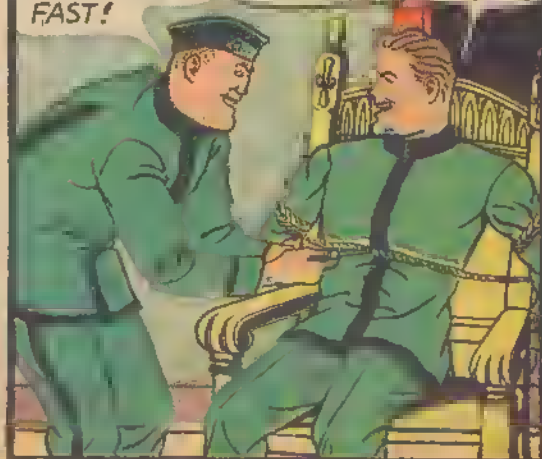
WHAT! HOW- C'MON! WE GOTTA PUT THAT OUT! HE'LL KEEP!

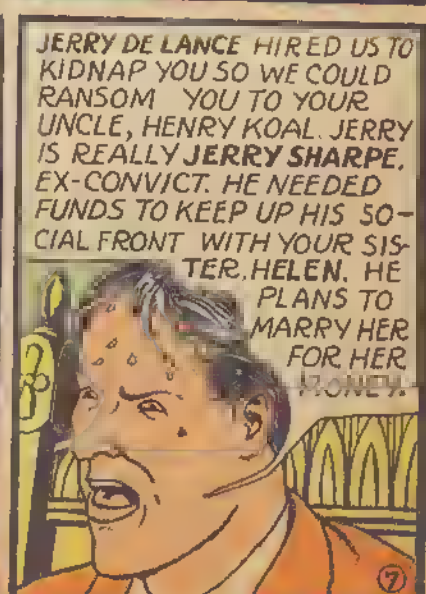
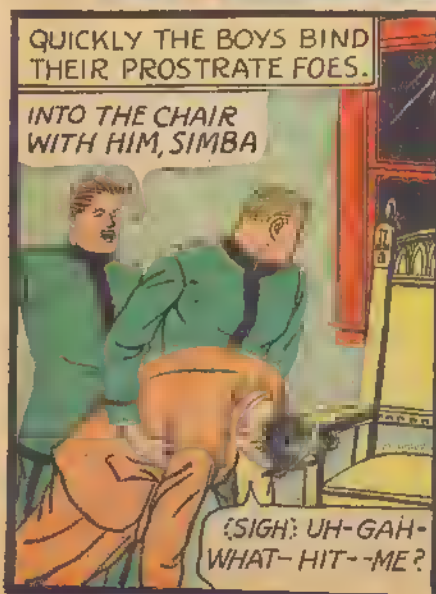
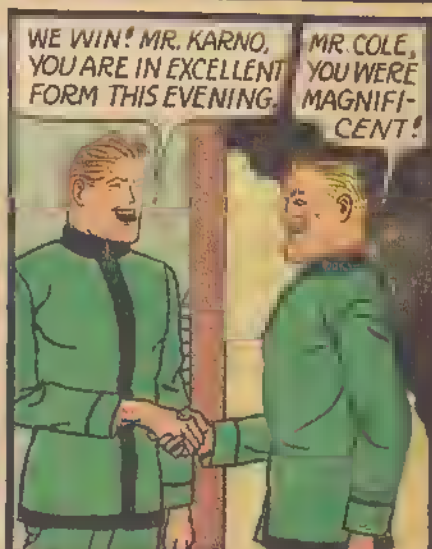


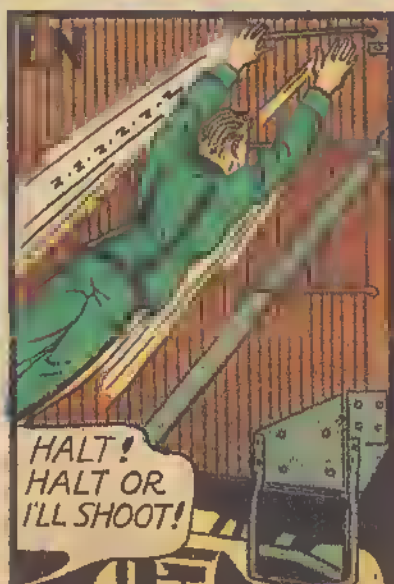
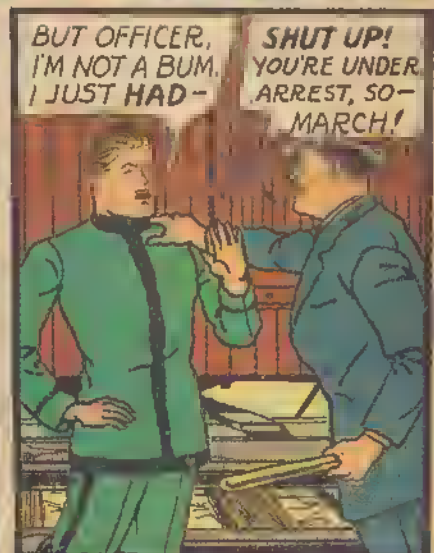
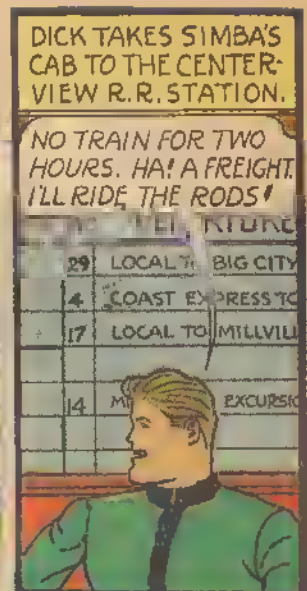
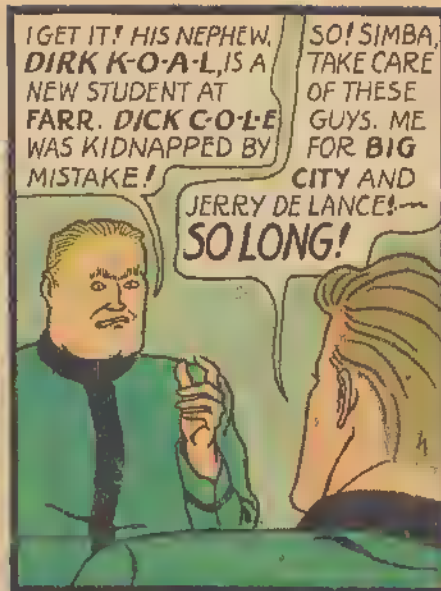
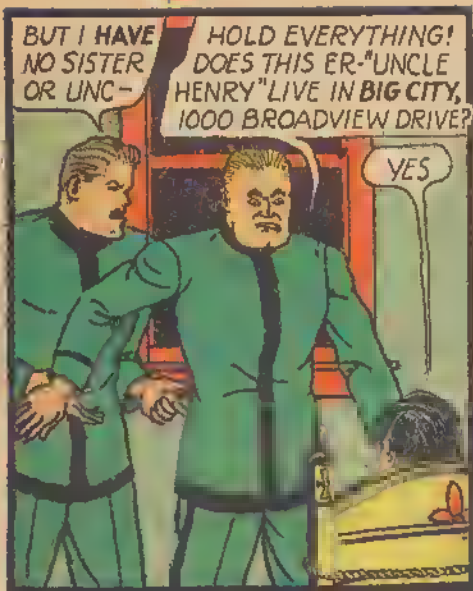
IN THE CONFUSION SIMBA REACHES

WE'RE GETTIN' OUT OF HERE FAST!

AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, OLD BOY!









I WISH TO SEE MR. HENRY KOAL.

SOLICITORS, - TRADES PEOPLE, - SIDE ENTRANCE - ME GOOD MAN.



THIS IS PERSONAL, AND I -

OH, NO YOU DONT -

QUITE SO, BUT MR. KOAL CAWN'T BE SEEN. SO-O-BEGONE!



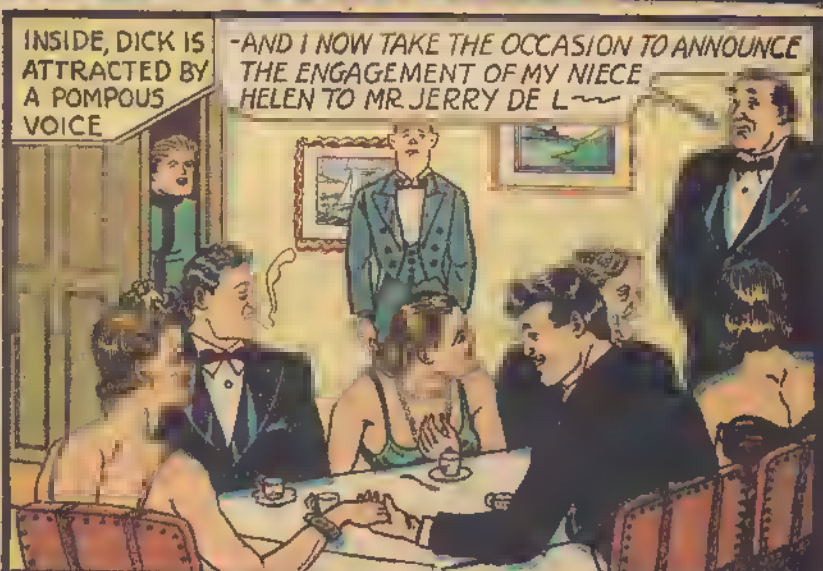
IF YOU DONT LEAVE INSTANTLY, I'LL CALL FOR THAT OFFICER OUT FRONT!

HEY! LOOK! ON YOUR SHOE!



AS THE BUTLER BENDS TO LOOK, DICK GRABS HIS COAT-TAILS AND -

THERE! THAT WILL HOLD YOU!



INSIDE, DICK IS ATTRACTED BY A POMPOUS VOICE

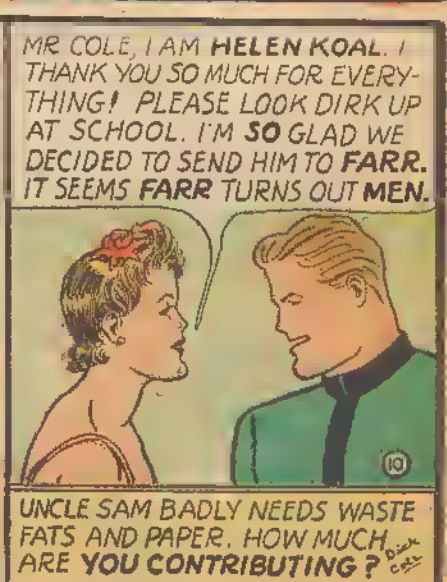
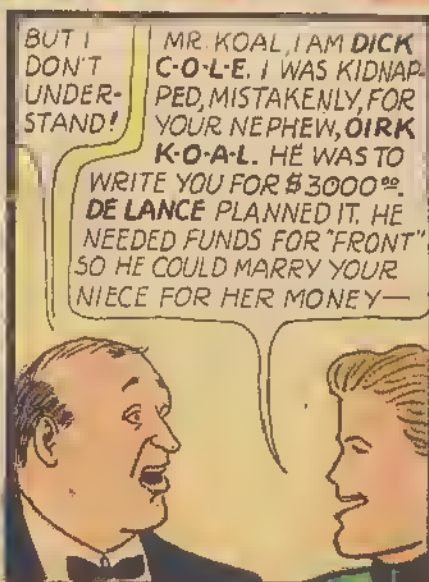
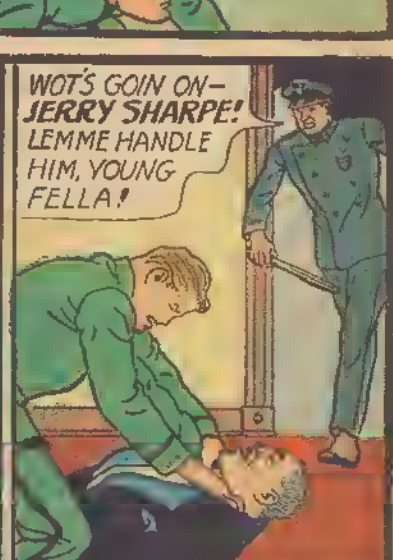
-AND I NOW TAKE THE OCCASION TO ANNOUNCE THE ENGAGEMENT OF MY NIECE HELEN TO MR. JERRY DE L -



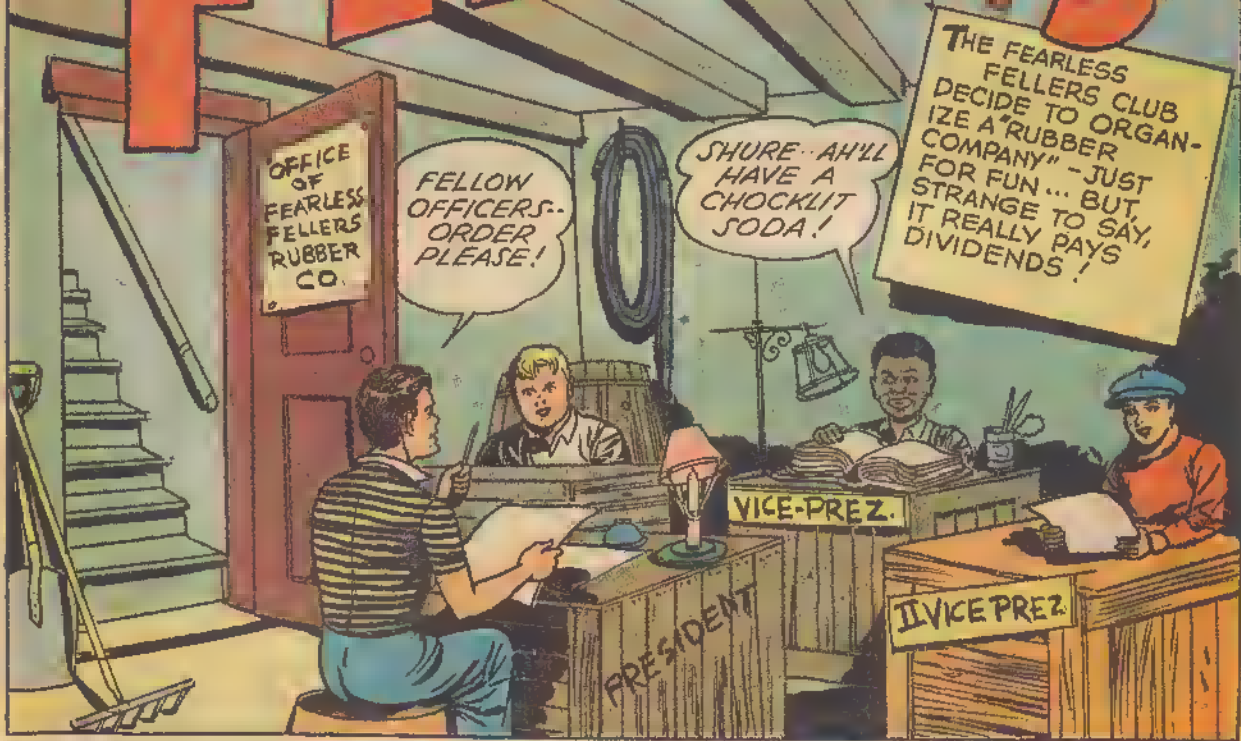
STOP! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



SAINTS PRESERVE US! WOT'S THAT?



FEARLESS FELLERS



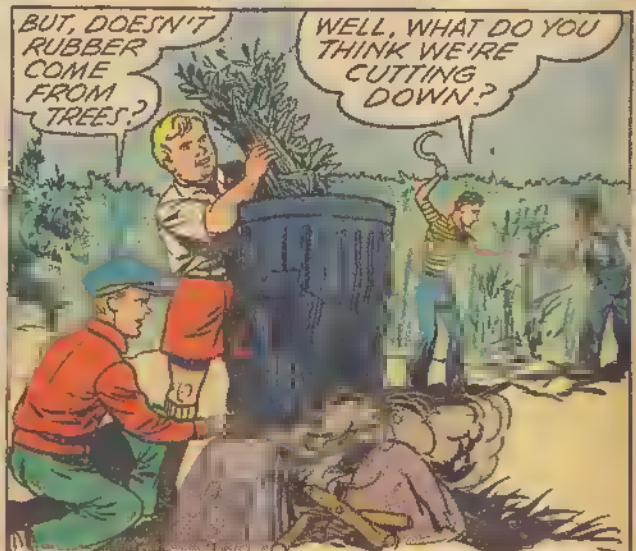
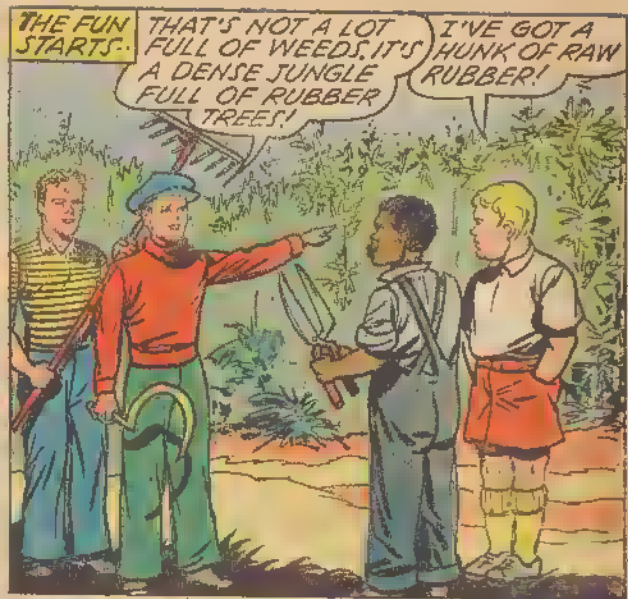
MEANWHILE, PUDGE'S DAD GETS A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF HAY FEVER --

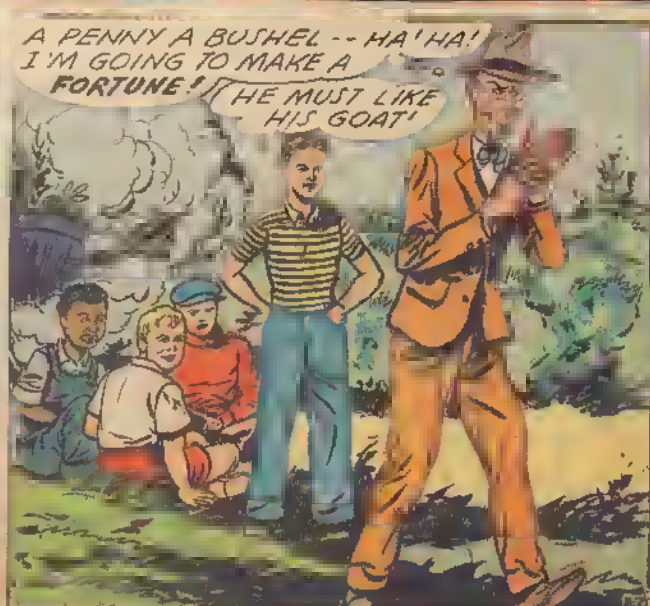
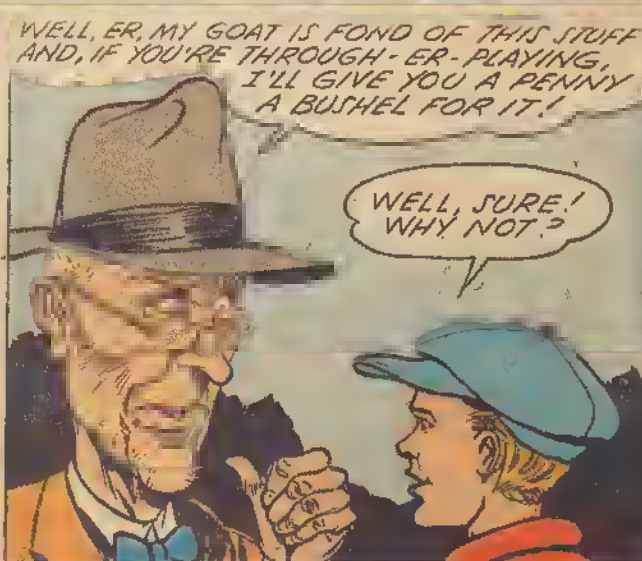
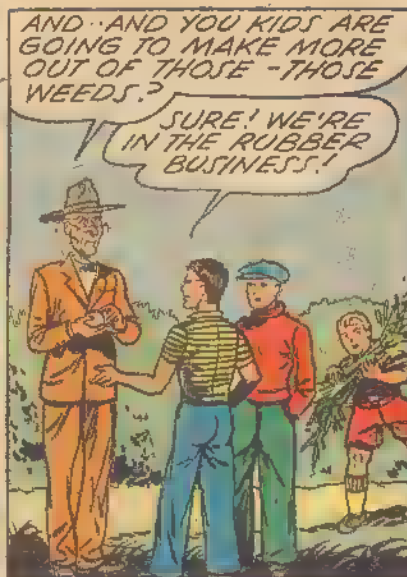
YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAN THE RAGWEED OUT OF YOUR LOT, MR. STEBBINS -- IT'S A MENACE TO THE TOWN!

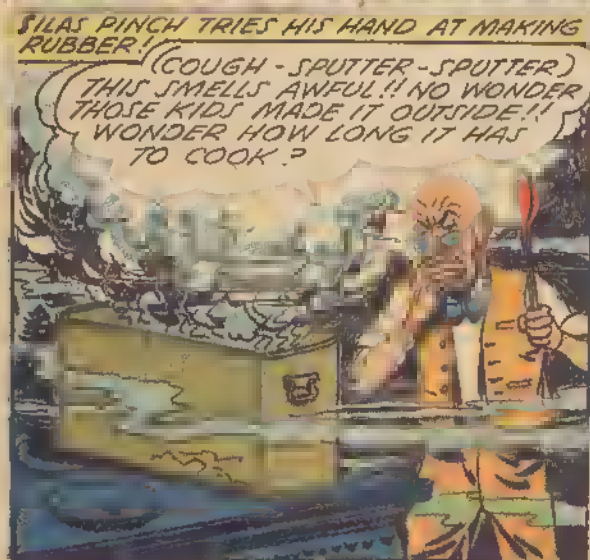
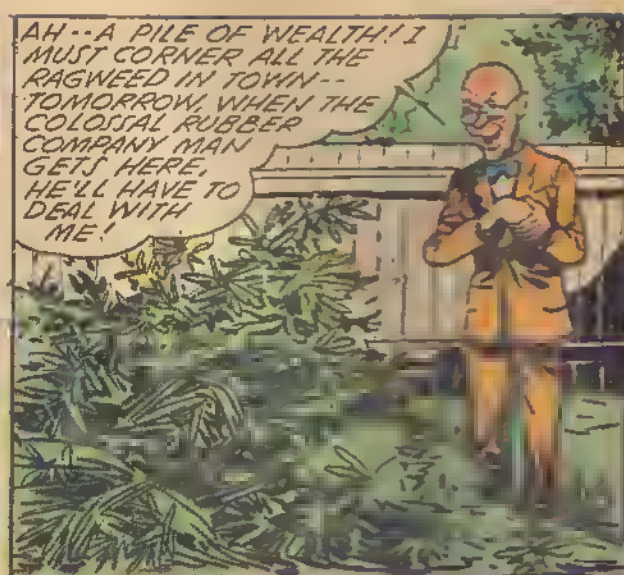
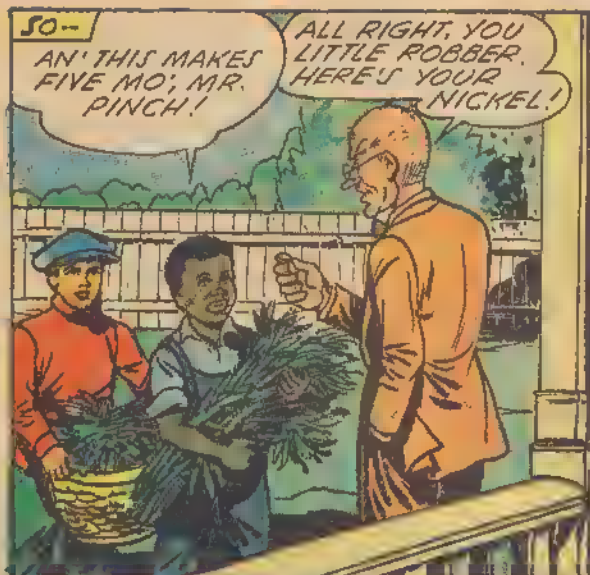
MM--GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!

LATER-- SAY, CHUCK--HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO EARN A DOLLAR?

BOY--SURE WE WOULD! WE HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANY WAR STAMPS IN A LONG TIME!







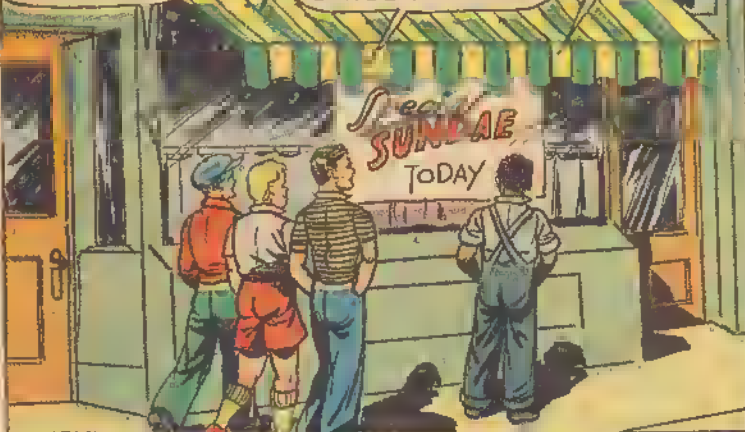
THE FEARLESS FELLERS DECIDE HOW TO SPEND THEIR WEALTH!

WE SHOULD DO SOMETHIN' SPECIAL!

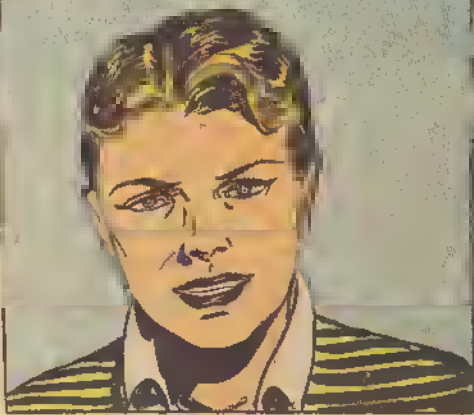
LOOK-- SPECIAL SUNDAE!

NO-- HOW ABOUT BASEBALL MITTS

OR FRIED CHICKEN AND WATER...



WAIT -- THOSE THINGS WOULD ALL BE NICE BUT WE'RE GOING TO BUY MORE WAR STAMPS -- C'MON!



UNKNOWINGLY, THE 'FELLERS' ADD INSULT TO INJURY!

PARDON-- CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MR. SILAS PINCH'S HOME?

OH, SURE! YOU GO RIGHT DOWN MAIN STREET TO...



MANY TESTS LATER...

WHY-- BUT, THIS RUBBER WAS PRODUCED FROM RAGWEED! I SAW-- ER - I DID IT MYSELF!

HUMBUG!! YOU OUGHT TO BE JAILED FOR FRAUD!

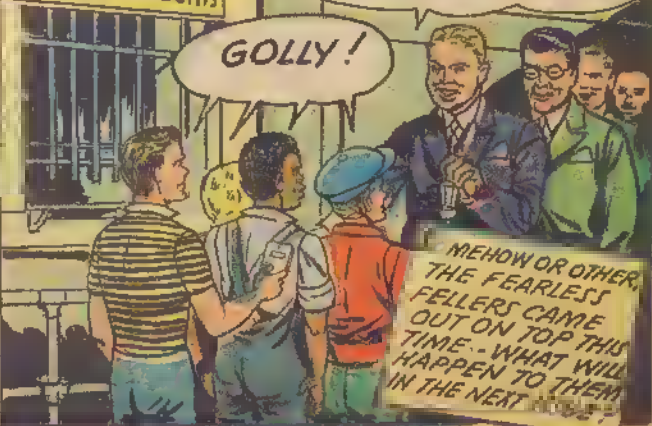


WASTING OUR GOOD TIME ON THAT STUFF!

I-I-V-E BEEN ROBBED-- CHEATED! IT'S THOSE DARN KIDS! THEY-THEY-- AHH CHOO!

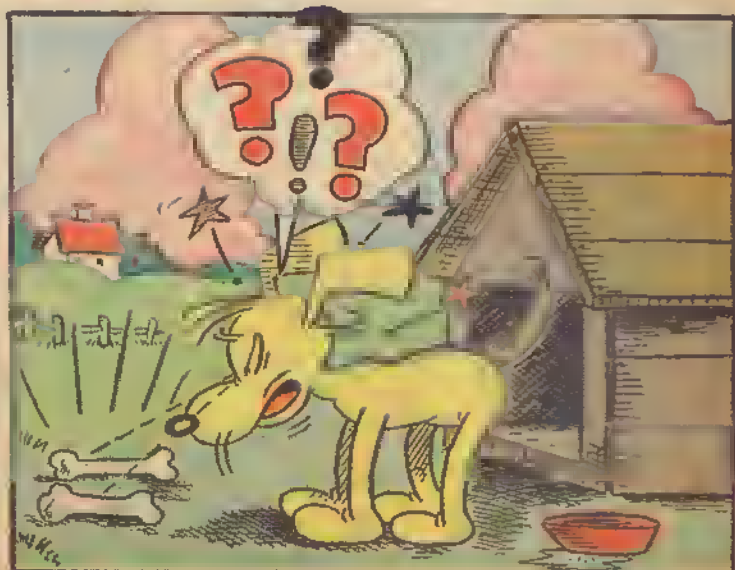
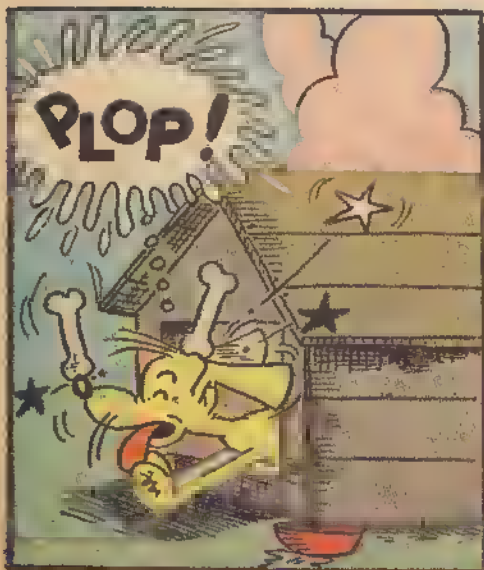
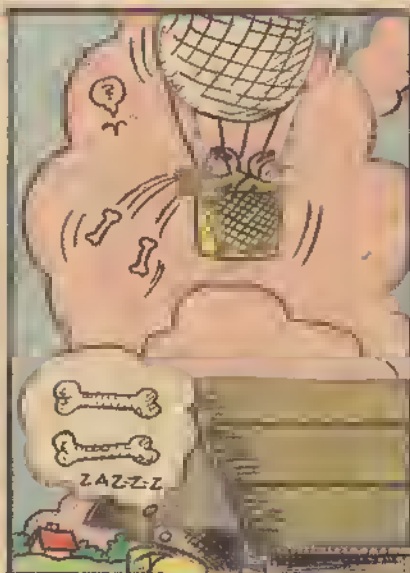
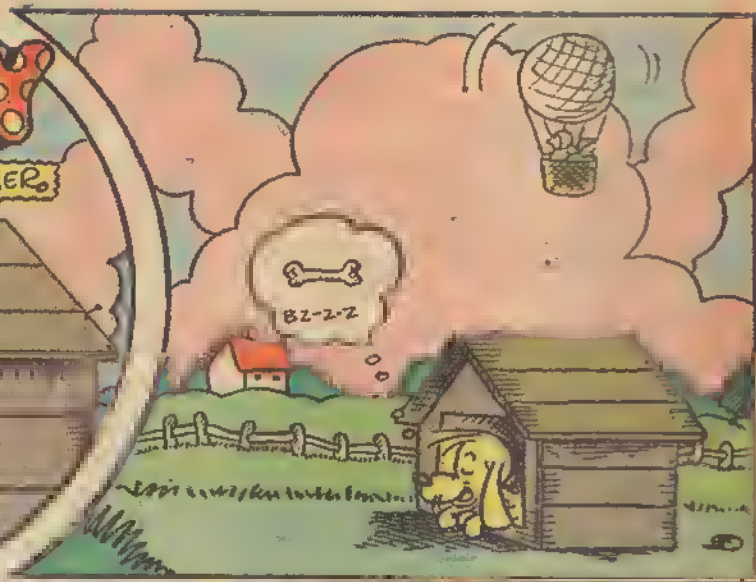
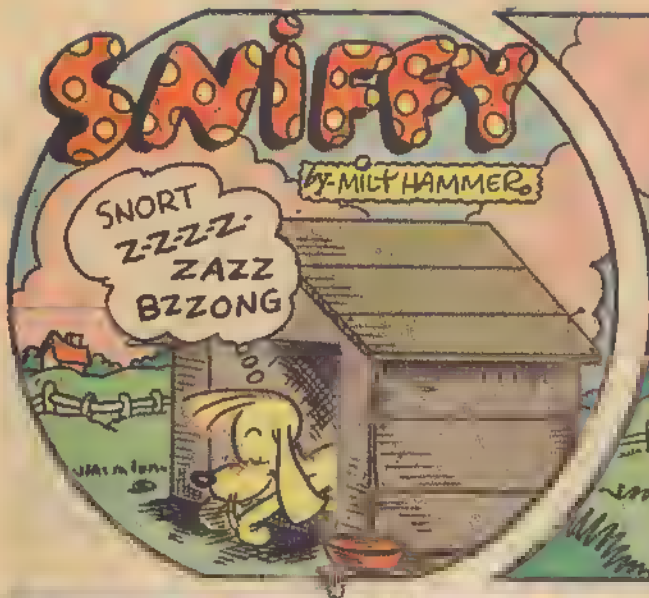


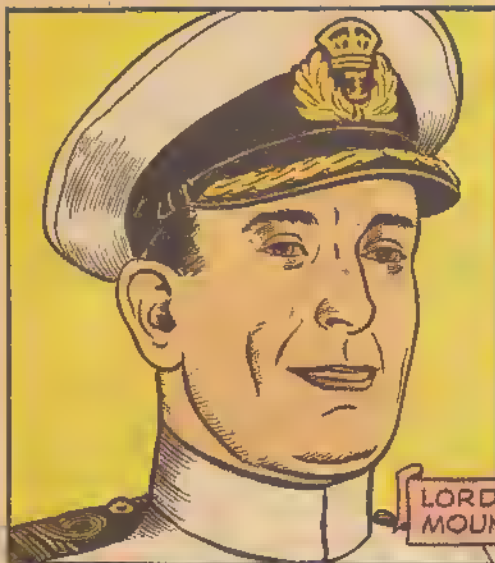
THE BOYS RECEIVE ANOTHER SURPRISE AT THE BANK. OH, YOU'RE THE BOYS WHO CLEANED UP THE RAGWEED! WELL, ON BEHALF OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF HAY FEVER I WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS BADGE AND A CASH AWARD!



GOLLY!

MEHOW OR OTHER, THE FEARLESS FELLERS CAME OUT ON TOP THIS TIME-- WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM IN THE NEXT...





OLD CAP HAWKIN TALES

LORD LOUIS
MOUNTBATTEN



"JOEY, THE STORY OF LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN - NOW SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA - IS AN UNUSUAL ONE. OF ROYAL BLOOD, IT WAS DECIDED THAT HE WOULD BE A NAVY MAN AND ALL OF HIS LIFE HAS BEEN SPENT IN THE BRITISH NAVY!"



THE ROYAL FAMILY IS LOOKING TO YOU FOR BIG THINGS, MOUNTBATTEN!

I WON'T LET THEM DOWN, SIR!

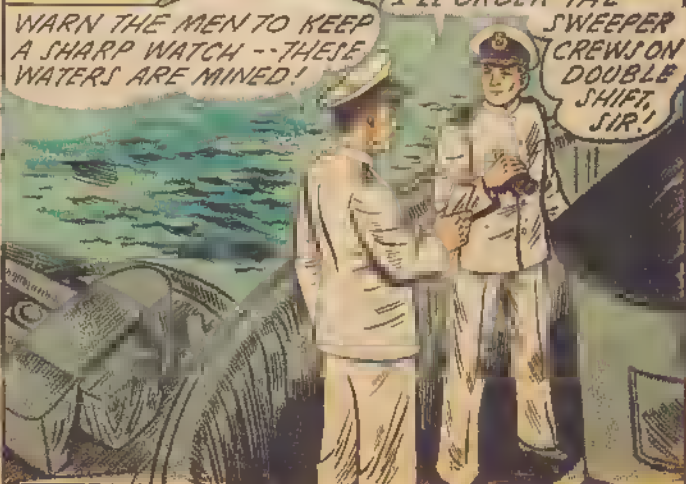


AT THE AGE OF 13, MOUNTBATTEN OFFICIALLY JOINED THE NAVY AS A CADET!

HIS RISE WAS RAPID, AND IN 1939, COMMANDER MOUNTBATTEN WAS ON THE BRIDGE OF H.M.S. 'KELLY', IN CHARGE OF THE 5TH DESTROYER FLOTILLA.

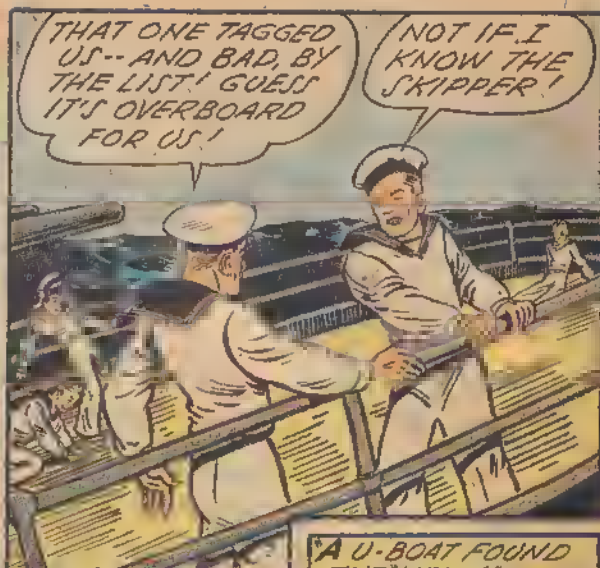
WARN THE MEN TO KEEP A SHARP WATCH -- THESE WATERS ARE MINED!

I'LL ORDER THE SWEEPER CREW ON DOUBLE SHIFT, SIR!





"BUT-- IN SPITE OF THE DOUBLED WATCH, THE 'KELLY' STRUCK A MINE!



THAT ONE TAGGED US-- AND BAD, BY THE LIST! GUESS IT'S OVERBOARD FOR US!

NOT IF I KNOW THE SKIPPER!



THERE'S A BAD HOLE IN THE FORWARD PLATES-- BELOW WATER LINE, SIR!

ORDER THE SHIP TO TURN BACK TO PORT AND SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE!



BACK ON THE KELLY! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED SHE HAD A CHANCE!

SHE'S A FIGHTING SHIP-- NO MINE WILL STOP HER!

OR HER SKIPPER!



A U-BOAT FOUND THE 'KELLY'---

WITH THE 'KELLY' REPAIRED, MOUNTBATTEN PUT OUT IN MAY, 1940, TO HUNT SUBS OFF THE NORWEGIAN COAST!

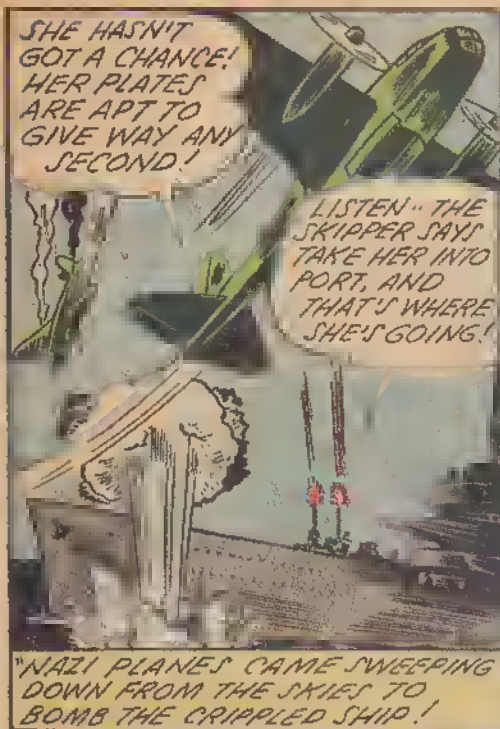


--- AND THE ENEMY TORPEDO ALMOST CUT THE BRITISH DESTROYER IN TWO!



"BUT, MOUNTBATTEN WOULDN'T GIVE UP!"

MAN THE PUMPS! TAKE BATTLE STATIONS! WE'RE NOT ABANDONING SHIP!



SHE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE! HER PLATES ARE APT TO GIVE WAY ANY SECOND!

LISTEN-- THE SKIPPER SAYS TAKE HER INTO PORT, AND THAT'S WHERE SHE'S GOING!

"NAZI PLANES CAME SWEEPING DOWN FROM THE SKIES TO BOMB THE CRIPPLED SHIP!"

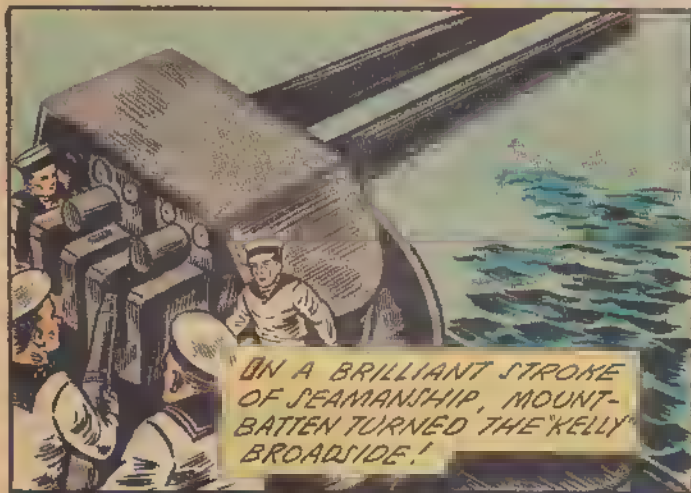


TORPEDO BOAT BEARING DOWN ON PORT BOW!

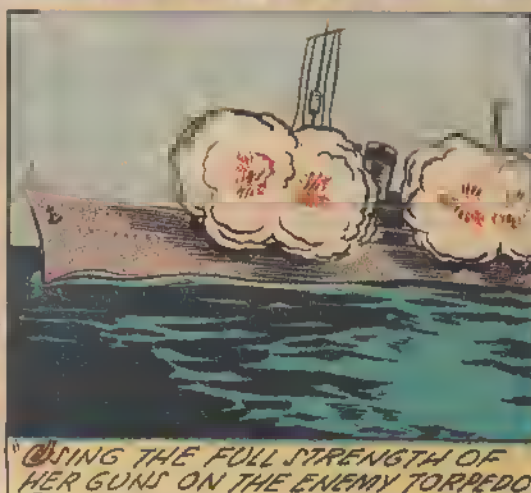
WITH THE AFTER-DECK AWASH, THE LOOKOUT SPOTS MORE BAD NEWS!



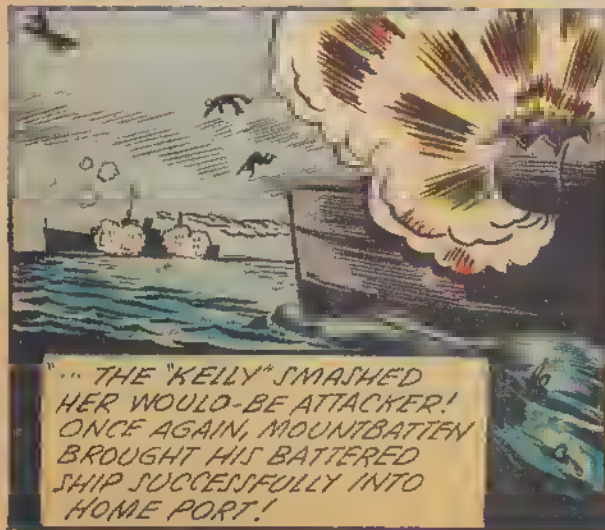
BRING HER HARD TO PORT--PREPARE FOR BROADSIDE!



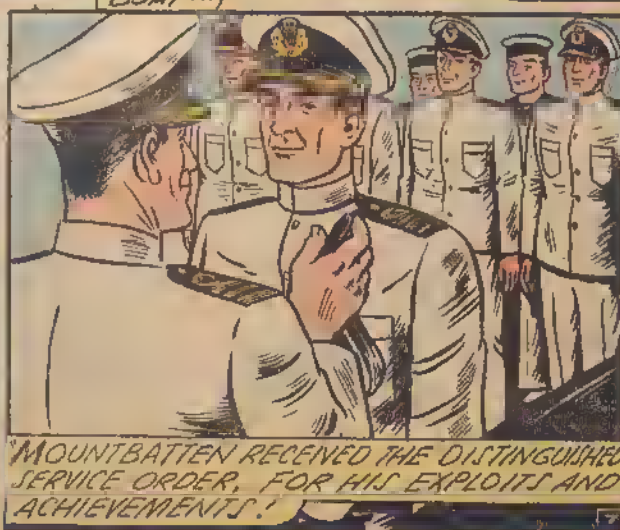
ON A BRILLIANT STROKE OF SEAMANSHIP, MOUNTBATTEN TURNED THE 'KELLY' BROADSIDE!



USING THE FULL STRENGTH OF HER GUNS ON THE ENEMY TORPEDO BOAT...



"... THE 'KELLY' SMASHED HER WOULD-BE ATTACKER! ONCE AGAIN, MOUNTBATTEN BROUGHT HIS BATTERED SHIP SUCCESSFULLY INTO HOME PORT!"



MOUNTBATTEN RECEIVED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER. FOR HIS EXPLOITS AND ACHIEVEMENTS!

ORDERS FROM LONDON, GENTLEMEN -- I'M TO REPORT THERE AT ONCE!

I ONLY HOPE THERE'LL BE SOME ACTION FOR US-- SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, SIR!

WHILE IN AMERICAN WATERS, IN COMMAND OF H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS," MOUNTBATTEN RECEIVED ORDERS TO REPORT HOME.

LORD MOUNTBATTEN, BY UNANIMOUS APPROVAL, YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN TO HEAD COMBINED OPERATIONS!

"AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET . . .

THANK YOU, SIR-- THIS IS AN HONOR FOR WHICH I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL! I WILL NOT FAIL!

AS VICE-ADMIRAL AND CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS, MOUNTBATTEN LED THE FAMED COMMANDOS IN NUMEROUS RAIDS ON THE CONTINENT!

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN IS NAMED AS SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER OF SOUTHEAST ASIA FORCES!

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE BRITISH EMBASSY ADDED A CROWNING GLORY TO ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL CAREERS OF THIS WAR!

WELCOME TO NEW DELHI, LORD MOUNTBATTEN!

THANK YOU-- WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHICH WAY IS THE BURMA ROAD?

THERE IS MUCH MORE OF ADVENTURE, EXCITEMENT, AND HONOR IN STORE FOR THIS BRILLIANT BRITISH LEADER.

IT IS NOT TIME STILL CONCEALS THAT PART OF THE STORY.

Edison BELL



EDISON BELL FACES A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER AND PROVES TO JERRY THAT BOOKS ARE NOT ONLY TOOLS OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT WEAPONS OF JUSTICE AS WELL!

ONE SATURDAY MORNING --

HEY, JERRY--LET'S APPLY FOR THE JOB!

OKAY--WE COULD DO PART-TIME WORK! BESIDES, MR. ATKINS IS A FINE PERSON!

BOYS WANTED FOR PART-TIME WORK

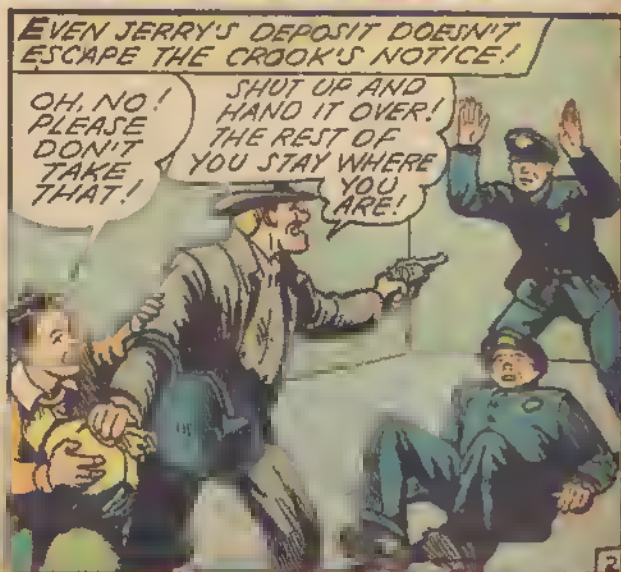
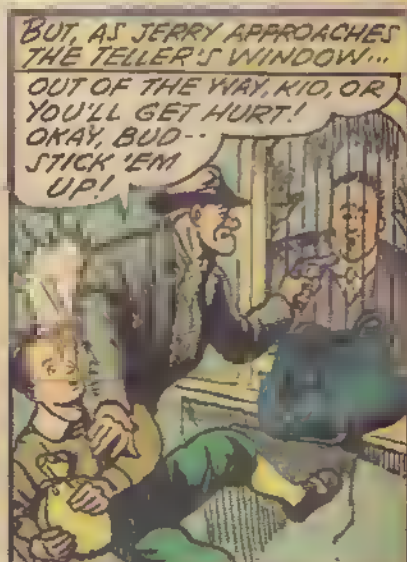
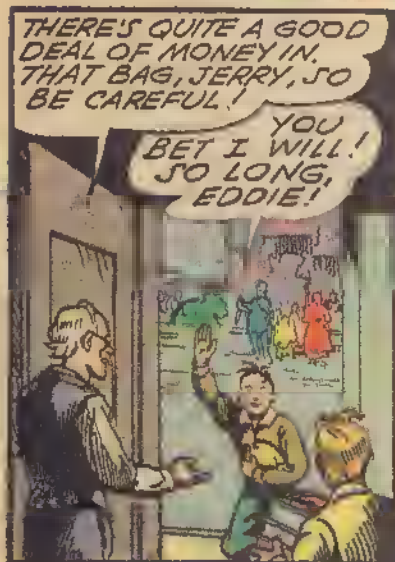
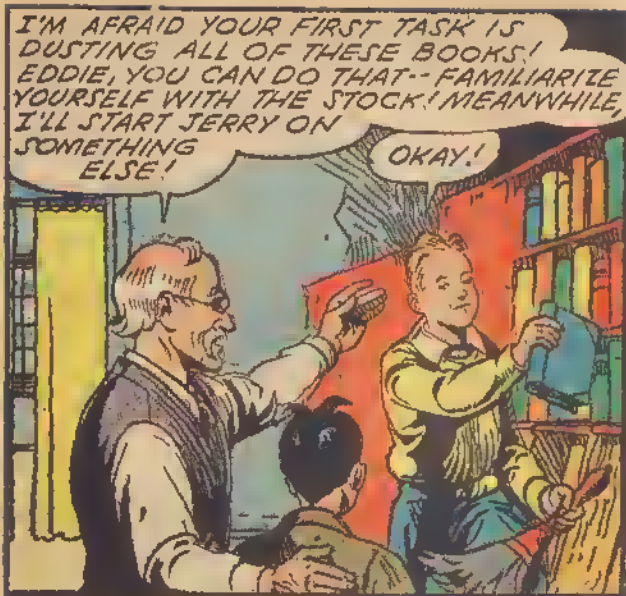


I THINK YOU TWO WOULD DO VERY WELL FOR THE JOB! I'LL GIVE YOU \$5.00 A WEEK!

THAT'S SWELL--WHAT DO WE DO?

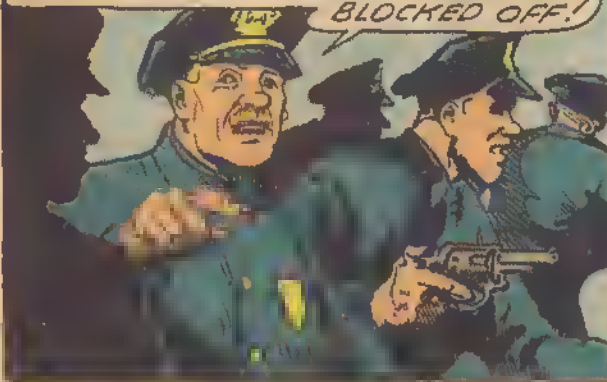
WE CAN START RIGHT AWAY, MR. ATKINS!





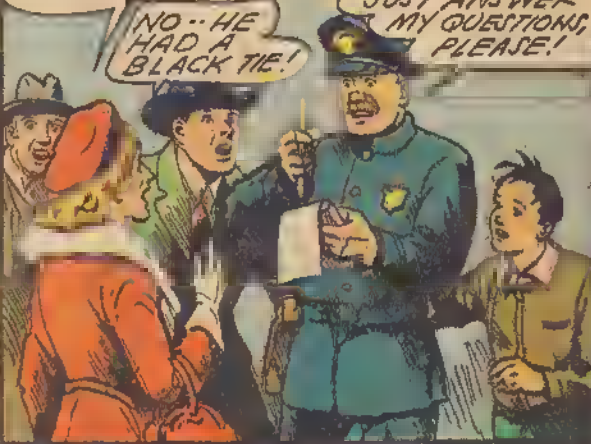
THE CROOK LEAVES AND THE COP IMMEDIATELY GOES INTO ACTION-- MINUTES LATER...

FRANK, COVER THAT END OF TOWN! TAKE TWO MEN! VINNIE, YOU AND JACK COME WITH ME! THAT THIEVIN' MURDERER WON'T GET AWAY-- WE'VE GOT THIS WHOLE SECTION BLOCKED OFF!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BANK...

OH, HE WAS HORRIBLE, JUST A MINUTE-- ONE OFFICER! HE HAD A RED TIE AND... AT A TIME! JUST ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, PLEASE!



IF WE CAN GET A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT THIS FELLOW LOOKED LIKE, WE'LL CATCH HIM SOONER! NOW, WHAT COLOR SUIT WAS HE WEARING?

UH-- BROWN! NO, IT WAS BLACK!

IT WAS DARK GREY! I REMEMBER!



I CAN TELL YOU-- I NOTICED PARTICULARLY WHEN I REALIZED HE WAS A THIEF! HE HAD ON A LIGHT GRAY FEDORA, A GREENISH SUIT WITH A GREY STRIPE, BROWN TIE, BROWN SHOES, AND WHITE SHIRT!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



WHEN HE TOLD THE CASHIER TO PUT UP HIS HANDS, I NOTICED THAT THE TOP OF HIS HAT CAME RIGHT EXACTLY TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT POSTER!

ABOUT MY HEIGHT, EH?

BUY WAR BONDS



UH-- HE TOOK A BAG CONTAINING SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM ME! I WAS GOING TO DEPOSIT IT FOR MR. ATKINS!

CASEY, GO ALONG WITH THIS LAD AND EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!



DON'T WORRY, SONNY-- WE'LL GET THE MONEY BACK FOR YOU!

I KNOW-- BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER DEPOSITED IT-- AND MR. ATKINS PROBABLY NEEDS IT, TOO!





MEANTIME, THE ROBBER FINDS THAT THE POLICE CORDON IS TOO TIGHT FOR HIM AND...

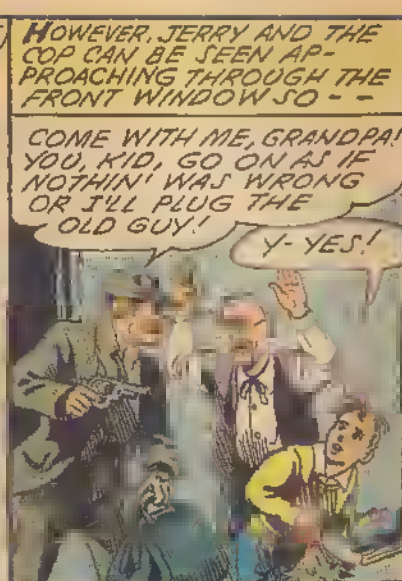
COPS EVERYWHERE! I'D BETTER SLIDE INTO ONE OF THESE STORES AND LIE LOW!



THAT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE BOOKS, EDDIE-- WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU AND--

OKAY-- GET YOUR HANDS UP, YOU TWO! DON'T MAKE NO NOISE!

WHA--??



HOWEVER, JERRY AND THE COP CAN BE SEEN APPROACHING THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW SO--

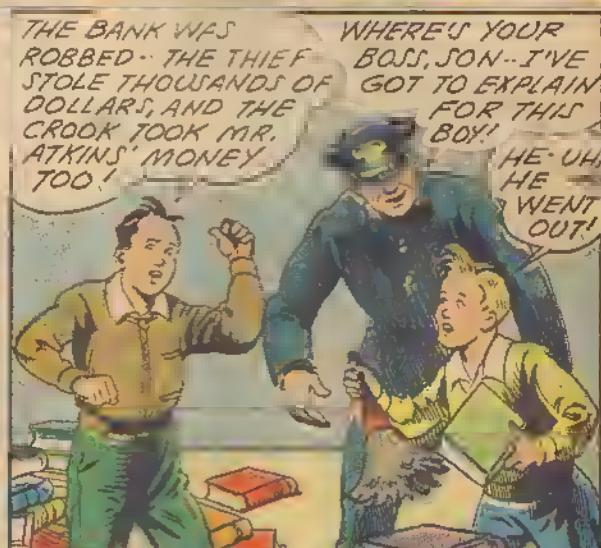
COME WITH ME, GRANDPA! YOU, KID, GO ON AS IF NOTHIN' WAS WRONG OR I'LL PLUG THE OLD GUY!

Y-YES!



OH, GOSH-- WISH I KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT MENTAL TELEPATHY!

EDDIE-- WHERE'S MR. ATKINS? SOMETHING AWFUL HAS HAPPENED!



THE BANK WAS ROBBED-- THE THIEF STOLE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, AND THE CROOK TOOK MR. ATKINS' MONEY TOO!

WHERE'S YOUR BOSS, SON-- I'VE GOT TO EXPLAIN FOR THIS BOY!

HE-UH, HE WENT OUT!



I DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE BACK-- HE DIDN'T SAY! IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT THAT MONEY, JERRY!

GOSH-- YOU DON'T LOOK SORRY!

DON'T WORRY-- I'LL WAIT FOR A FEW MINUTES!



WELL, I HAVE TO GET THESE BOOKS-- UGH! HEY, GRAB THEM!

LOOK OUT-- THEY'RE FALLING!

OFFICER, WOULD YOU PLEASE
GIVE ME THAT BIG BOOK
IN FRONT OF
YOU?

SURE, BUT
WHERE'LL YOU
PUT IT? YOU'VE
GOT YOUR ARMS...



...HUH? SAY! WHAT KIND
OF A--BOOK IS THIS?
UH, BETTER LET ME
PUT THIS IN PLACE!

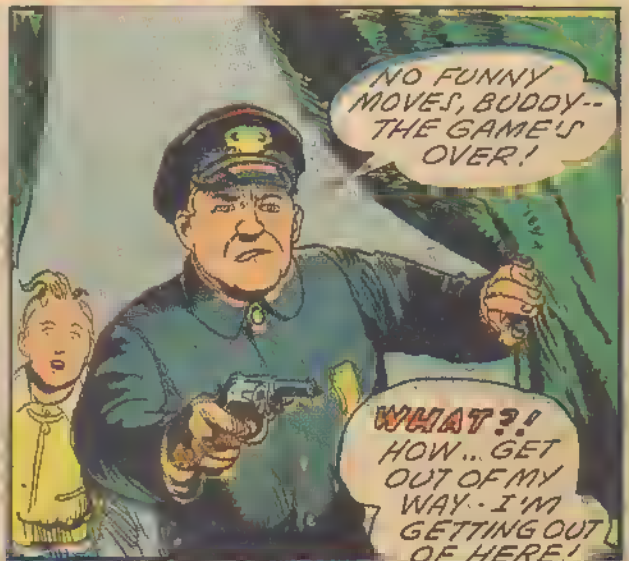


THAT WOULD HELP -- IT
GOES RIGHT HERE!
THANKS!

WELL, I'LL BE
RUNNING ALONG--
I'LL COME BACK
LATER TO
SEE
MR. ATKINS!



OFFICER CASEY IS ON THE ALERT AND
AS HE STROLLS CASUALLY PAST THE
CURTAINED DOORWAY --

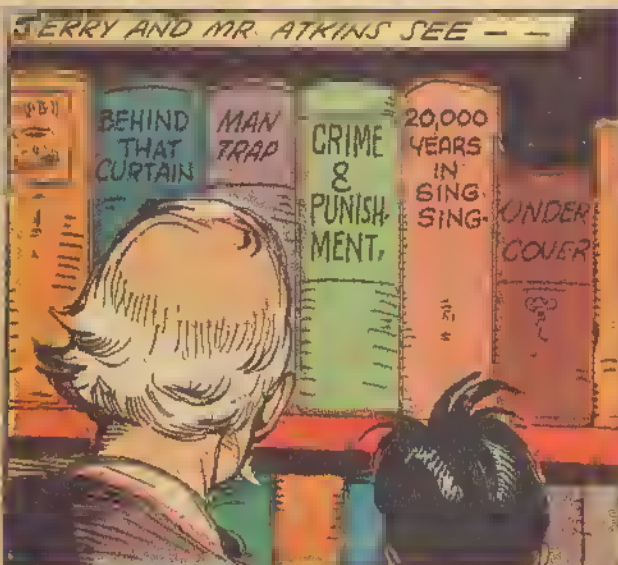


OH, NO! YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO ANY
PLACE BUT
JAIL!



YOU DIRTY COPPER--
YOU AIN'T GONNA
SPOIL MY GAME!

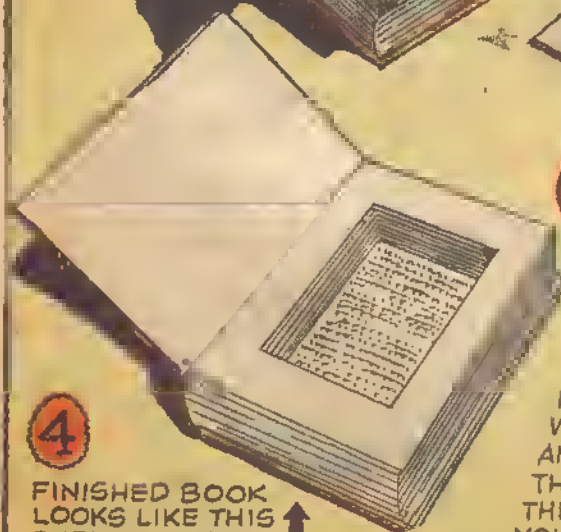





EDISON BELL'S BOOK of SECRETS

1 HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A SECRET HIDING PLACE FOR YOUR CLUB'S PRIVATE PAPERS AND OTHER VALUABLES, SUCH AS RARE COINS, ETC. (FIRST, MAKE SURE NOBODY IN THE FAMILY WANTS THE BOOK ANY MORE AND THAT IT WON'T BE OF INTEREST TO MEMBERS OF OUR ARMED FORCES). THEN ...

2 ... TURN TO THE BACK OF THE BOOK AND GLUE THE LAST FEW PAGES TO THE BACK COVER. NOW, STARTING AT THE FRONT, USE A RAZOR BLADE TO CUT THE PRINTED MATTER FROM EACH PAGE. WHEN THIS IS DONE, YOUR BOOK WILL BE "HOLLOW". (IF DOUBLE-EDGED BLADE, USE ONLY IN A BLADE HOLDER.)



4 FINISHED BOOK LOOKS LIKE THIS  RUBBER CEMENT (OR THE NEW SYNTHETIC CEMENT) IS BEST FOR THE GLUE JOB.

3 ... ONE BY ONE, GLUE EACH CUT-OUT PAGE TO THE FOLLOWING PAGE, BEING SURE TO SMOOTH EACH ONE FLAT! WHEN IT IS FINISHED, YOU WILL HAVE A "BOX" AND THE COVER OF THE BOOK WILL BE THE "LID". PLACE YOUR VALUABLES INSIDE AND KEEP IT ON YOUR BOOKSHELF WHERE IT WILL NOT BE NOTICED.



KRISKO and JASPER

•SYNOPSIS•

OUR TWO HEROES ARE NOW IN NEW YORK--YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT LAST MONTH THEY WERE PUT IN JAIL WHEN THEY GRASHED INTO A POLICE CAR WITH THE BLUEBOLT WHILE DRIVING ON A ONE WAY STREET.. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH TODAY'S STORY!!!

BY-MILY HAMMER

YUH KNOW, KRISKO, THIS AIN'T BAD-GIVES ME TIME TO THINK TH' SITCH-uation OVER !!

WAL, I DON'T LIKE IT-I NEED PLENTY OF FRESH AIR FER MY THINKIN'!



HO, HUM-FRESH AIR'S OK-BUT IT MAKES ME TOO SLEEPY-HO-HUM!

WE GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE SOMEWAY-BUT HOW??

YAWN

SITS SITS

YUH KNOW-I ONCT SAW IN TH' MOVIES HOW A GUNMAN GOT OUT OF JAIL WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE BY JIST PRETENDIN'!

HUH-PRETENDIN' WHAT??

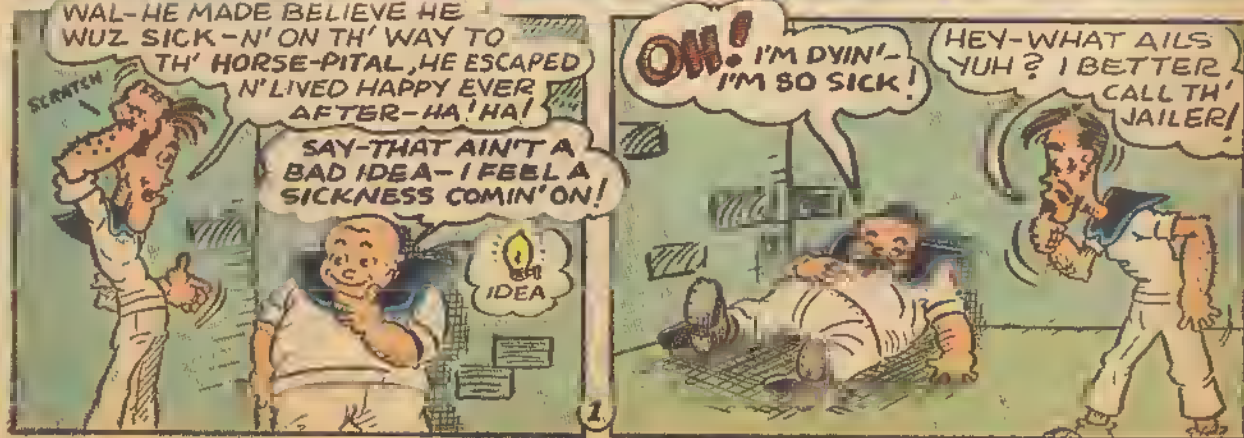
WAL-HE MADE BELIEVE HE WUZ SICK-N' ON TH' WAY TO TH' HORSE-PITAL, HE ESCAPED N'LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER-HA! HA!

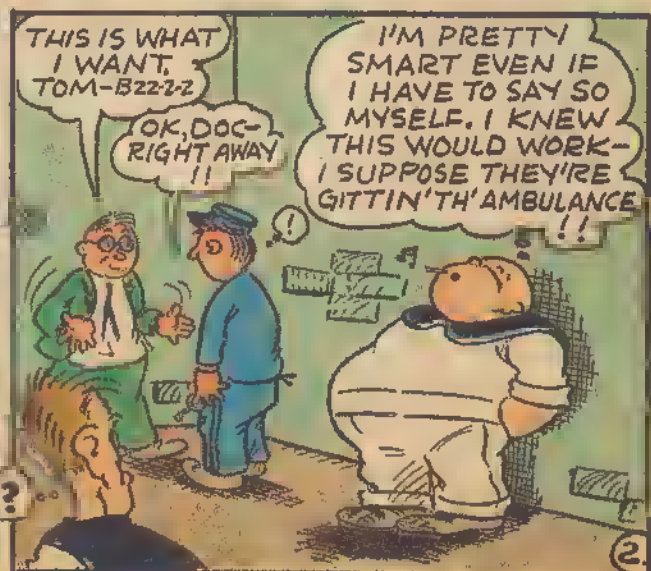
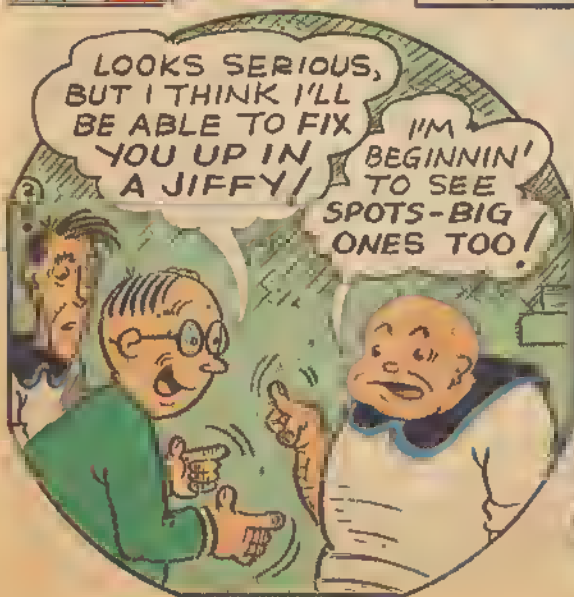
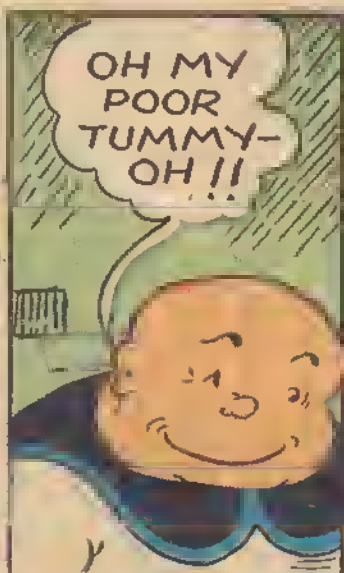
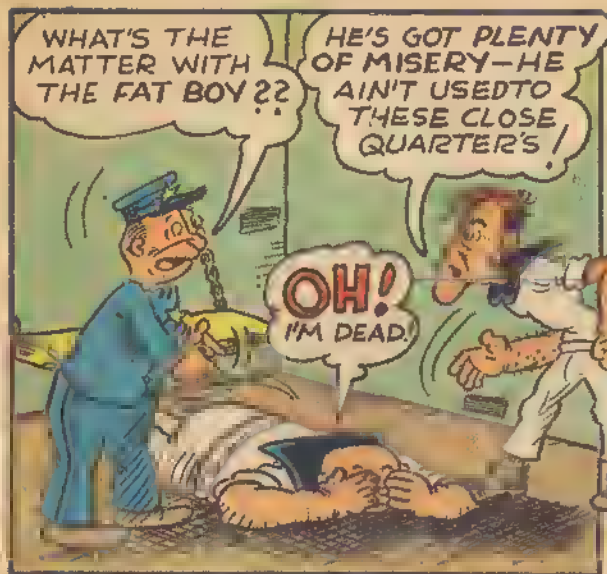
SAY-THAT AIN'T A BAD IDEA-I FEEL A SICKNESS COMIN' ON!

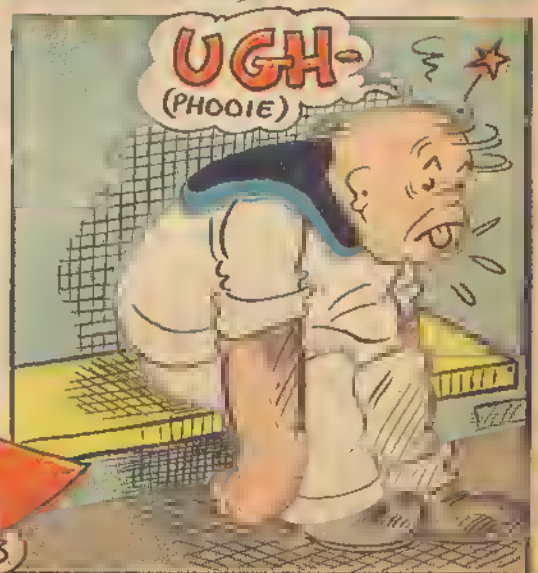
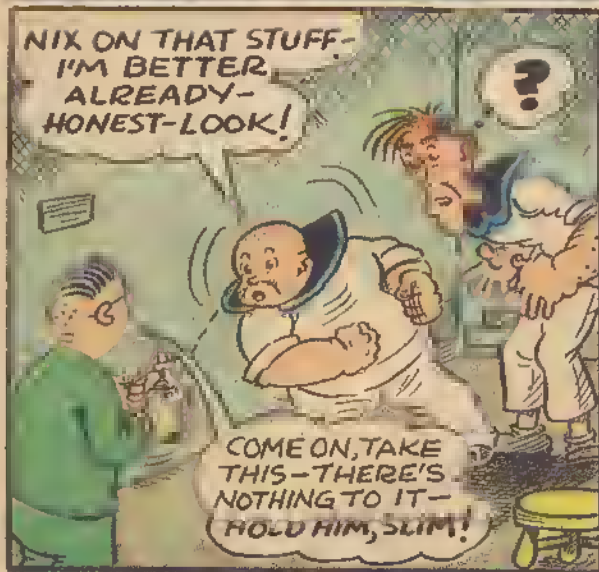
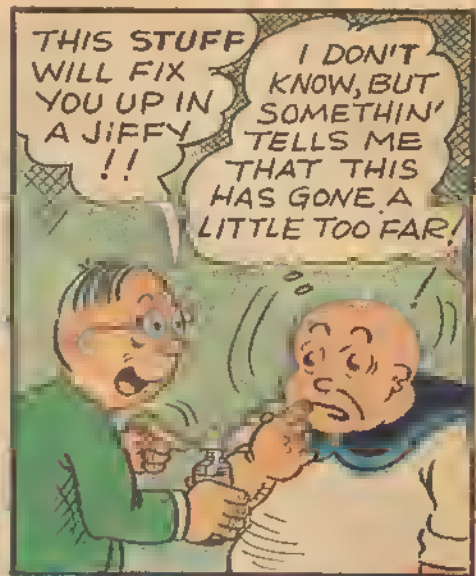
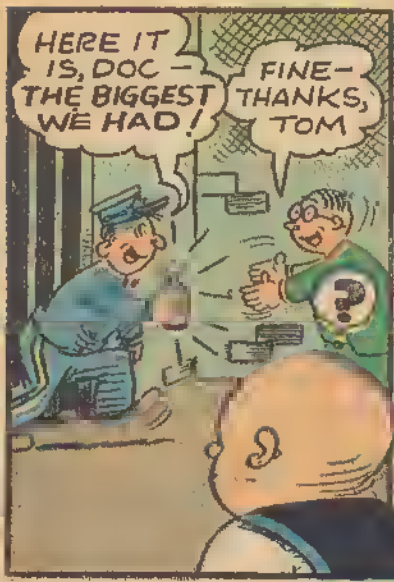
IDEA

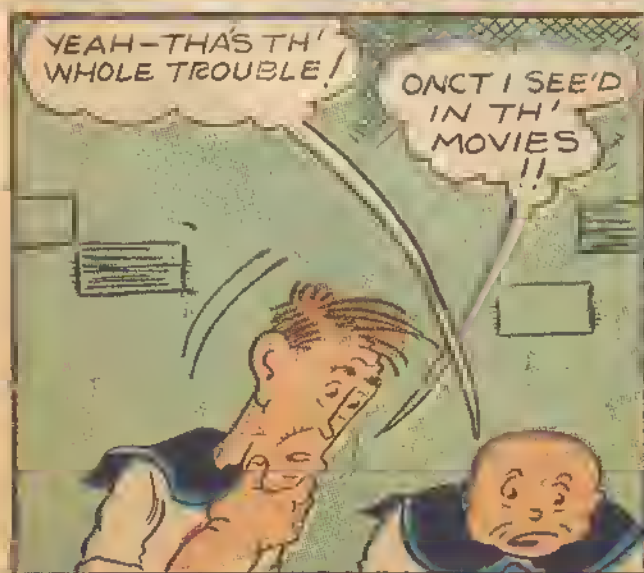
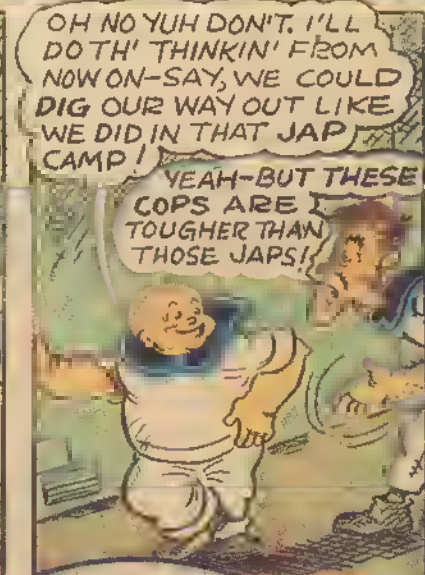
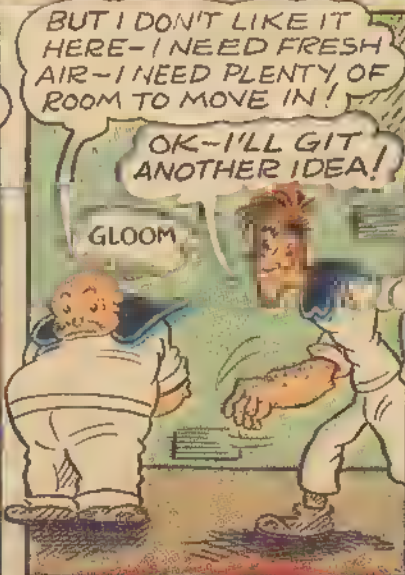
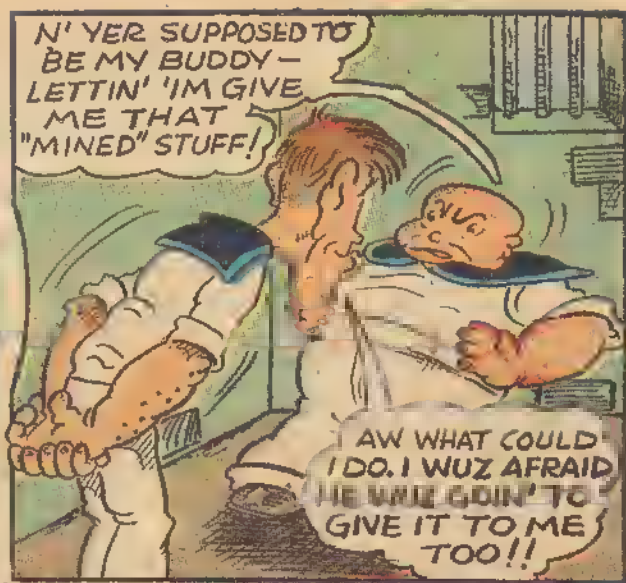
OH! I'M DYIN'-I'M SO SICK!

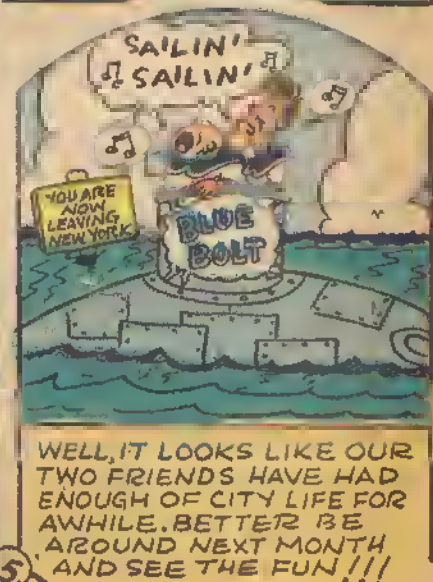
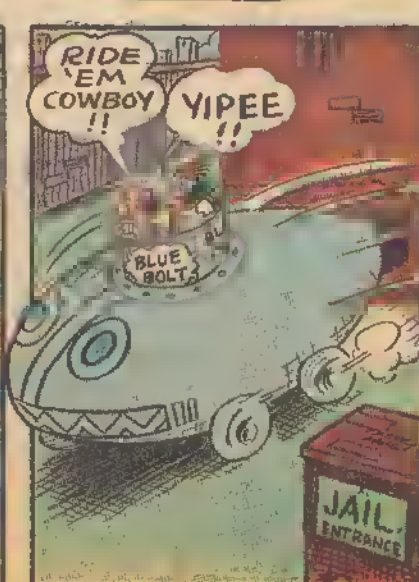
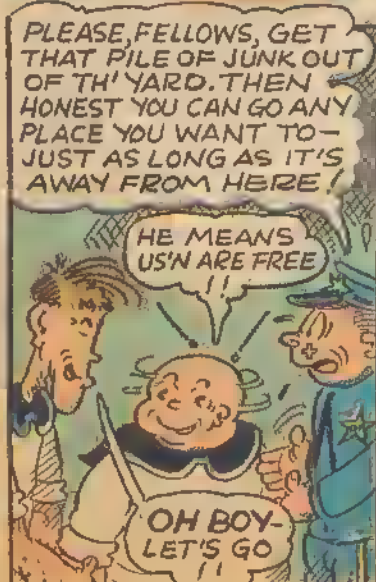
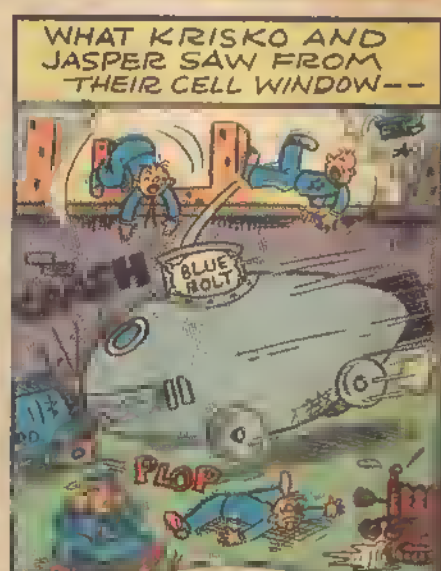
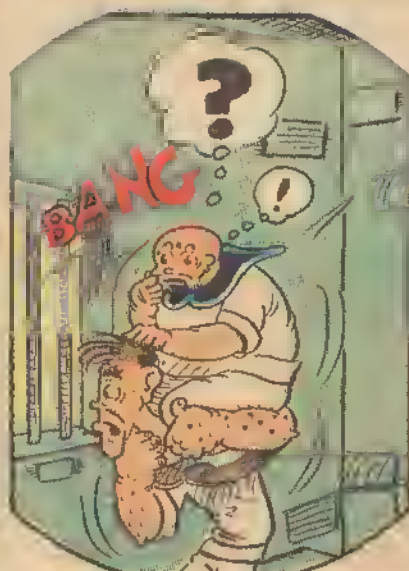
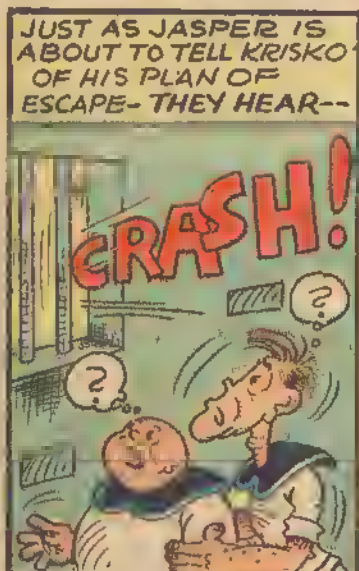
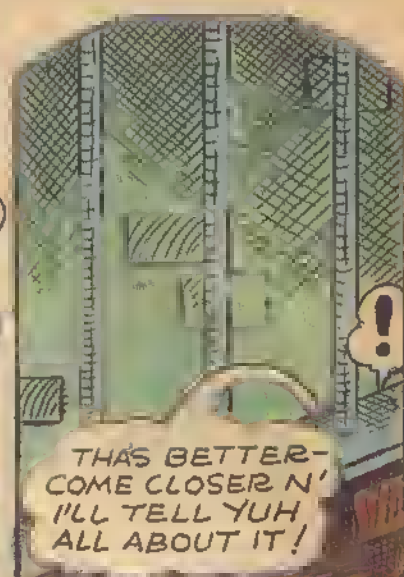
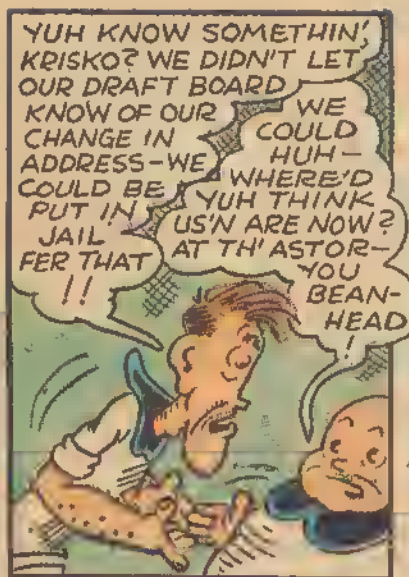
HEY-WHAT AILS YUH? I BETTER CALL TH' JAILER!

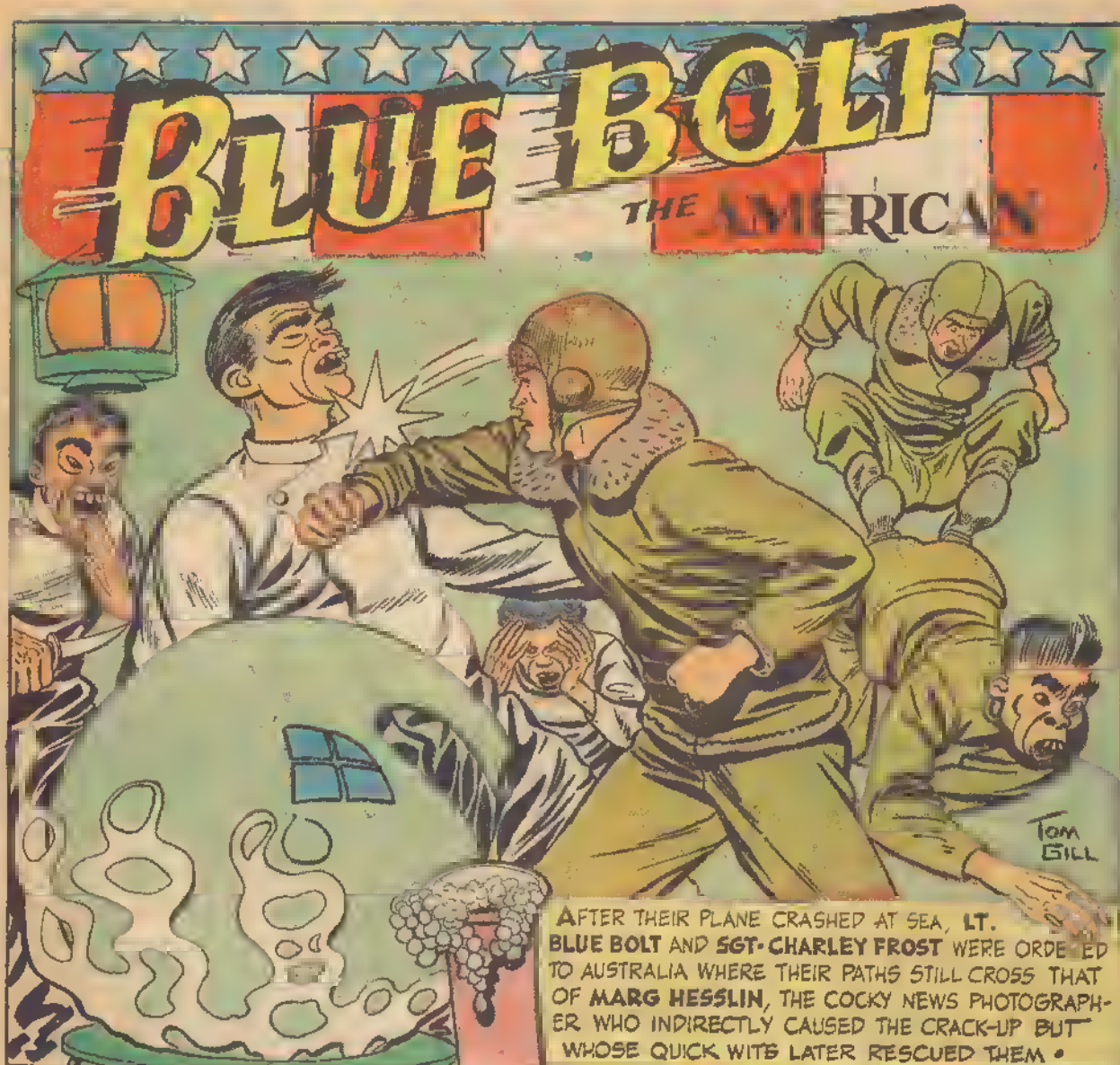












AFTER THEIR PLANE CRASHED AT SEA, LT. BLUE BOLT AND SGT. CHARLEY FROST WERE ORDERED TO AUSTRALIA WHERE THEIR PATHS STILL CROSS THAT OF MARG HESSLIN, THE COCKY NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER WHO INDIRECTLY CAUSED THE CRACK-UP BUT WHOSE QUICK WITS LATER RESCUED THEM.

CHARLEY, BLUE BOLT'S MECHANIC AND FRIEND, WAITS FOR HIM TO RETURN FROM HEAD-QUARTERS, SOON AFTER REACHING AUSTRALIA.

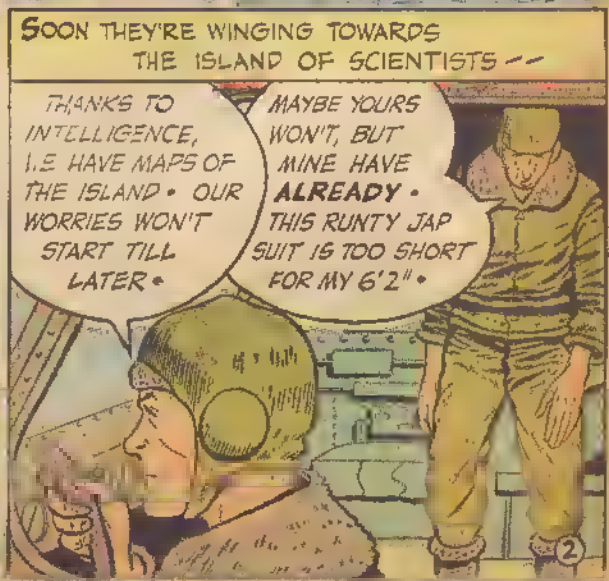
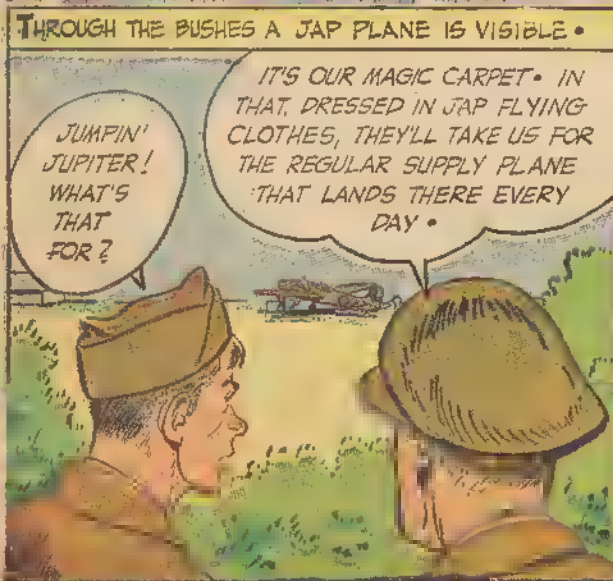
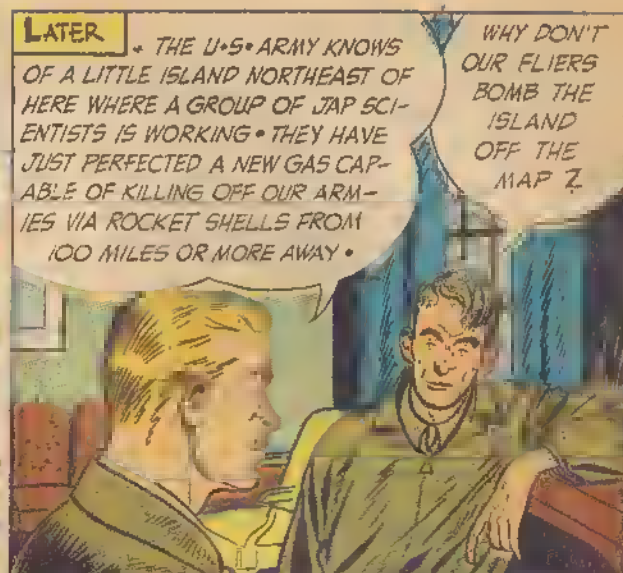
HI, CHUM. WHERE'S BLUE BOLT?

WHAT / YOU AGAIN?

I HAVE A CABLE FROM MY OFFICE TODAY. I'M SUPPOSED TO MAKE PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN WILD LIFE, IF YOU CAN SWALLOW THAT.

HELLO, MARG. GOODBY, MARG. COME ON, CHARLEY, BIG DOIN'S!

WELL, DID I FEEL A BREEZE?



OUR ORDERS ARE TO SURPRISE THE SCIENTISTS, FIND THE FORMULA AND BLOW UP THE ISLAND.

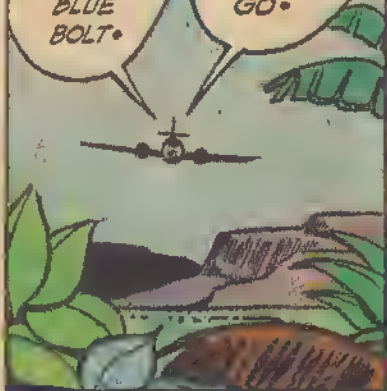
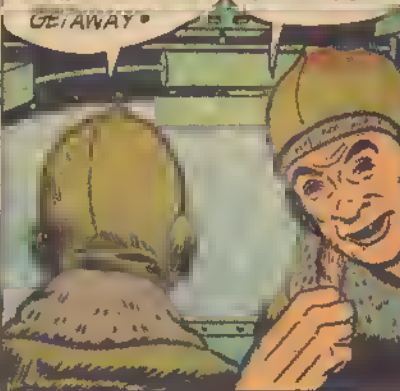
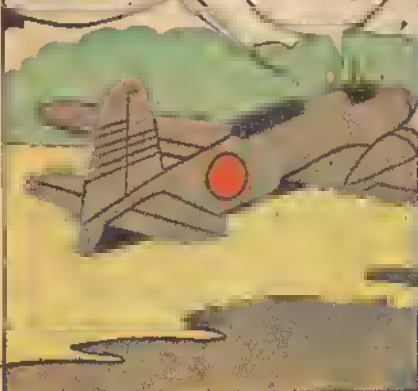
HOLY CATS! WITH US STILL ON IT?

WE HOPE NOT. BUT OUR FIRST JOB IS TO FIND THE FORMULA AND DESTROY THE GAS, THEN TO MAKE A SAFE GETAWAY.

I WAS WORRIED. I THOUGHT I LOST MY LUCKY RABBIT'S FOOT.

WE'RE OVER THE ISLAND NOW, BLUE BOLT.

O.K., CHARLEY, HERE WE GO.



I HOPE THESE GUARDS REALLY THINK WE'RE THE REGULAR SUPPLY PLANE THAT'S DUE NOW. KEEP YOUR COLLAR UP HIGH.

THEY DON'T KNOW OUR SPIES CAPTURED THEIR PLANE AND CREW AND THAT WE TOOK OVER FROM THERE.

THERE'S OUR BUILDING. SHOW THOSE BIG TEETH OF YOURS, CHARLEY, SO THEY'LL TAKE YOU FOR A JAP.

!

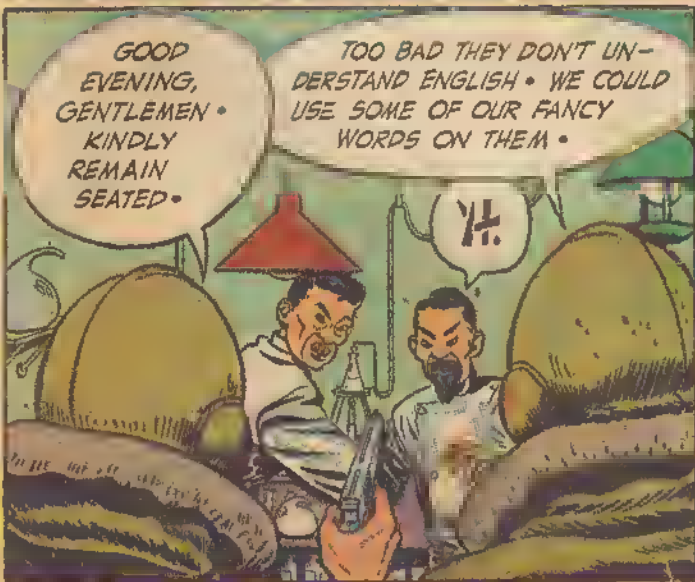


GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. KINDLY REMAIN SEATED.

TOO BAD THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH. WE COULD USE SOME OF OUR FANCY WORDS ON THEM.

Y!

THE SURPRISE IS FOR YOU. NOT ONLY DO WE SPEAK ENGLISH, BUT I JUST PRESSED THIS BUTTON-- OUR GUARDS WILL COME IN A MINUTE--





KEEP THEM COVERED, CHARLEY. I'LL BAR ALL ENTRANCES.



NOW, HAND OVER THE SECRET FORMULA OR WE'LL BLOW YOU OFF THE EARTH.

BUT YOU FORGET. WE ALSO HAVE A WEAPON. POISON GAS!

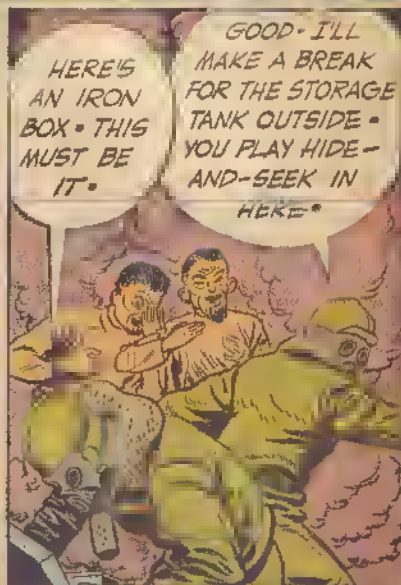


QUICK, CHARLEY. PUT ON YOUR MASK. WE'LL GIVE 'EM A DOSE OF OUR OWN GAS FIRST.



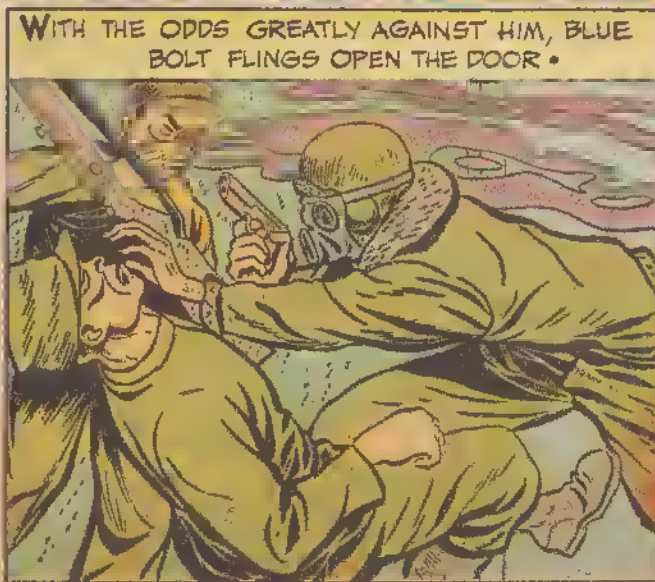
BLUE BOLT TAKES TINY CAPSULES OF POWERFUL LAUGHING GAS FROM HIS KIT AND THROWS THEM.

O.K., YOU HYENAS, LAUGH YOURSELVES SICK—THE FORMULA MUST BE IN THIS ROOM, CHARLEY. START LOOKING!



HERE'S AN IRON BOX. THIS MUST BE IT.

GOOD. I'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR THE STORAGE TANK OUTSIDE. YOU PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK IN HERE.



WITH THE ODDS GREATLY AGAINST HIM, BLUE BOLT FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR.



BUT JUST AS HE IS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE TANK, HE IS OVERPOWERED.



YANKEE MAKE
ONE MISTAKE •
HE THINK HE
SMARTER THAN
JAP •



HIM DEAD
FOR SURE •
NOW I GO
FIND OTHER
ONE •

OH YEAH!
THIS YANKEE
ISN'T HALF AS
DEAD AS YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
IN A MINUTE MY
FINE JAP FRIEND •

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABORATORY,
CHARLEY FIGHTS IT OUT •



AND FINALLY BLUE BOLT REACHES THE
GAS STORAGE TANK •

AFTER CONTACT WITH THE AIR,
THE GAS DOESN'T TAKE EFFECT
FOR 10 MINUTES • SO SINCE OUR
MASKS CAN'T COMBAT THAT TYPE
WE'LL HAVE TO DASH FOR THE
PLANE AND GET HIGH ENOUGH
TO ESCAPE THE FUMES •



CLEAR AND PIERCING THROUGH
THE NIGHT, COMES BLUE BOLT'S
WHISTLE • TIME IS UP!

THAT'S
BLUE BOLT'S
SIGNAL • HE
WILL KEEP ME
COVERED--
I HOPE •

O-K, NIPS •
THANKS FOR
THE FORMULA •
BYE BYE •



YOU
O-K,
BLUE
BOLT?

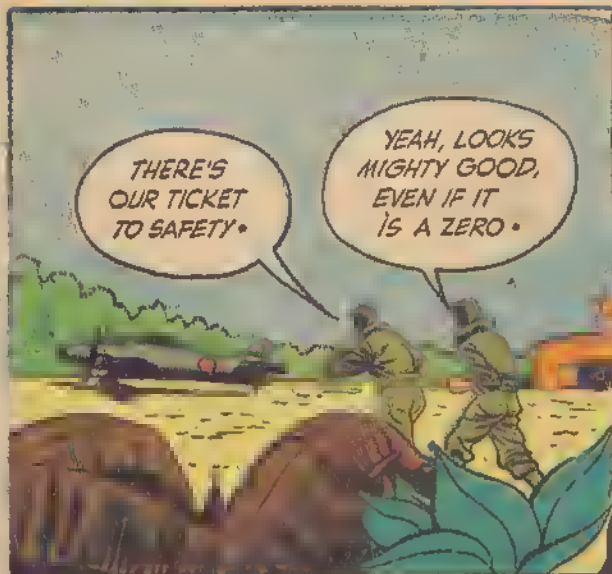
SURE!
COME ON,
LET'S
GIT!



WHERE'S
THE
FORMULA?

INSIDE
MY SHIRT,
SNUG AS A
BUG IN A
RUG •

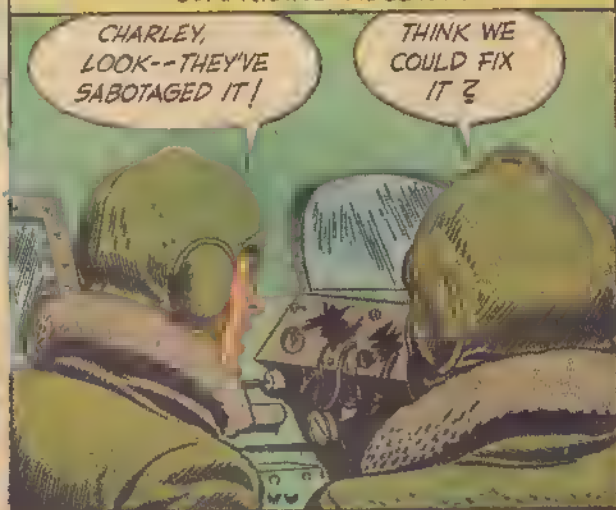




THERE'S
OUR TICKET
TO SAFETY.

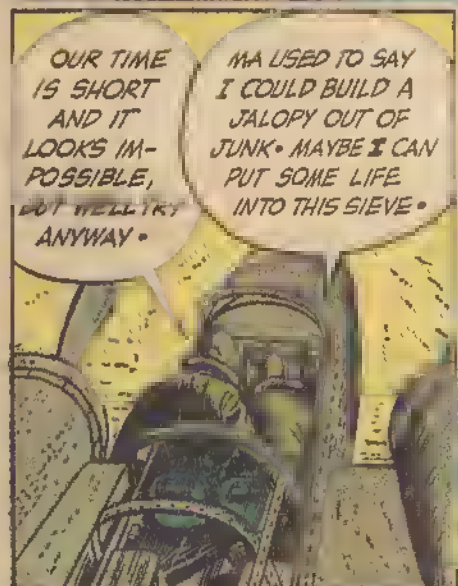
YEAH, LOOKS
MIGHTY GOOD,
EVEN IF IT
IS A ZERO.

CLIMBING INTO THE PLANE, THEY MAKE A
SURPRISING DISCOVERY.



CHARLEY,
LOOK--THEY'VE
SABOTAGED IT!

THINK WE
COULD FIX
IT?



OUR TIME
IS SHORT
AND IT
LOOKS IM-
POSSIBLE,
BUT WELL TRY
ANYWAY.

MA USED TO SAY
I COULD BUILD A
JALOPY OUT OF
JUNK. MAYBE I CAN
PUT SOME LIFE
INTO THIS SIEVE.

WHILE THE JAPS TRY DESPERATELY
TO STOP THE POISON GAS FROM SPREADING,
THEY BOTH WORK FRANTICALLY ON
THE PLANE.

HERE, GRAB
THIS. IF I CAN
JUST MAKE
THIS HOLD--

MORE SLACK
HERE. QUICK.
BOY, OH BOY,
THAT DOES IT.



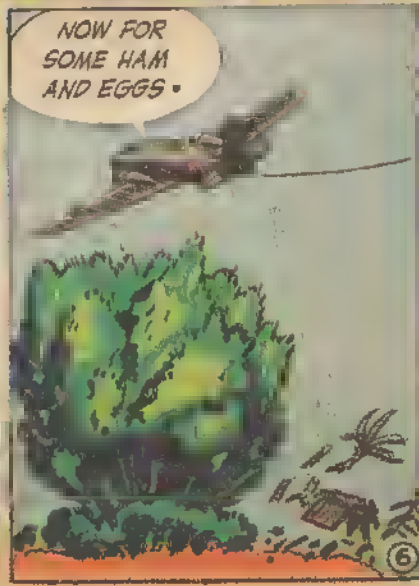
HURRAY,
I'VE GOT THE
ENGINES IN
WORKING
ORDER-- I
THINK.

WE'RE
LIFTING. I'LL
NURSE HER
LIKE A MOTHER.
COME ON. NICE
PLANE, NICE
DADY.



WE'VE GOT ONE
MORE JOB TO DO.
YOU MAY HAVE THE
PLEASURE OF DROPPING
OUR LONE BOMB ON
THIS CURSED ISLAND.

BROTHER,
THAT WILL BE
A PLEASURE!



NOW FOR
SOME HAM
AND EGGS.

WE
HAVE A
SUSPICION
MARG WILL
BE THERE
TO GREET
THEM, TOO,
BUT NOT
WITH THE
HAM
AND
EGGS.

SERGEANT SPOOK



IMPRESSED WITH THE URGENT NEED TO COLLECT WASTE PAPER FOR THE WAR EFFORT, JERRY SETS OUT TO DO HIS BIT --- SERGEANT SPOOK AND HIS PATRIOTIC FRIENDS PITCH IN AND HELP! THEY ALL COLLECT SO MUCH THAT JERRY WINS A PRIZE AND ---

GOSH-- I DIDN'T COLLECT PAPER 'CAUSE THERE WAS A PRIZE-- I JUST DID IT FOR THE SOLDIERS! I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR MAKING FOOD PACKAGES, SHELL CARTONS, MAPS-- AND, GOSH-- LOTS OF OTHER THINGS!

JERRY, THE COUNTRY-WIDE TOUR YOU HAVE WON FOR YOUR WORK, IS JUST AS IMPORTANT! WE WANT YOU TO TELL BOYS, GIRLS, AND GROWNUPS IN EVERY CITY YOU STOP AT HOW NECESSARY IT IS TO COLLECT WASTE PAPER.

G-GEE, SIR, YOU BET I'LL DO MY BEST!



AND JERRY BEGINS HIS TRIP FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION ...

HI, JERRY-- WE'VE DECIDED TO GO ALONG WITH YOU! DO YOU MIND?

SPOOK! GOSH-- I'LL BE GLAD! WHO ALL IS COMING?

A FEW OLD FRIENDS WHO WANT TO REVISIT SOME OF THEIR OWN HAUNTS! YOU REMEMBER PONCE DE LEON-- AN OLD FLORIDA MAN!

SURE--AND BALBOA! GOSH, SIR, YOU DISCOVERED THE PACIFIC WHEN IT WAS REALLY "PACIFIC" DIDN'T YOU?



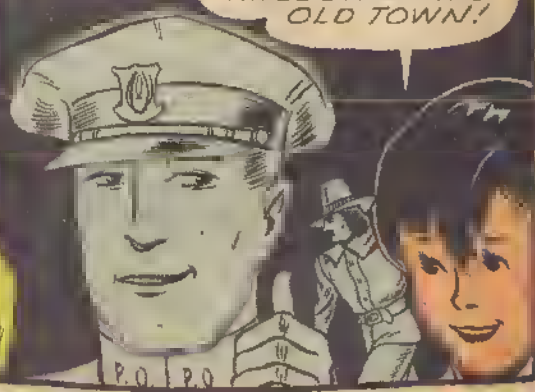
AND THIS IS CORTÉZ, JERRY-- HE WAS LOOKING FOR GOLD... HEY, PETE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SPOOK, WHO'S THAT? HE LOOKS SORT OF FAMILIAR!

WHY, THAT'S PETER STUYVESANT, JERRY-- HE WAS THE FIRST MAYOR OF NEW YORK!

I JUST WANT TO LOOK AROUND THE OLD STAMPING GROUNDS!

OH, GOSH-- SURE! GUESS HE WON'T RECOGNIZE THE OLD TOWN!



THEY'RE OPENING THE GATES-- BETTER HURRY, JERRY, IF YOU WANT TO GET ON!

MEANWHILE...

SPOOK-- WHERE'S PETER STUYVESANT? THE TRAIN'S READY TO LEAVE!

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM, JERRY-- BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL MIND!

YOU BET-- JUST LOOK AT THE CROWDS! HOPE THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!

WONDER HOW I GET OUT OF THIS PLACE? I'D LIKE TO GET DOWN TO BOWLING GREEN FOR A GAME OF TEN PINS...

ALL ABOARD!

FLORIDA SPECIAL

OH, WE WON'T GET IN THE WAY, JERRY!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE
TOURISTS ARRIVE IN MIAMI! --

GOSH - IT'S
REAL SUMMER
DOWN HERE,
ALL RIGHT!

SURE IS --
FIRST, WE'D
BETTER FIND
THAT HIGH SCHOOL
YOU'RE TO SPEAK AT!

YOU KNOW, MY BOY,
I CAME HERE TO
LOOK FOR THE
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

SAY, PONCE, LOOK!
THEY'VE NAMED THIS
STORE AFTER YOU!

BEAUTY
SALON --
WHAT IS
THAT?

I WOULD LIKE TO GO
IN AND LOOK AROUND!

GOSH --
THAT PLACE
IS JUST FOR
LADIES! SEE --
ONE'S GOING
IN NOW!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SHOP --

HMPHH - THAT GIRL
IS WEARING EXACTLY
THE SAME DRESS
I AM!

WELL OF ALL THINGS!
THE SALESGIRL TOLD
ME THIS WAS AN
EXCLUSIVE MODEL!
I'LL NEVER GO BACK
TO THAT
STORE!

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER --

L-L-LOOK! THAT WOMAN
WENT IN A MINUTE AGO
AND SHE WAS BIG AND
FAT! NOW --

HA!
HA!

YOU SEE -- I KNEW THE
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH WAS
IN FLORIDA! IF ONLY I
COULD HAVE FOUND IT --
AH, WELL -- IT IS KIND
OF THEM TO NAME
IT AFTER ME!

I'LL MEET YOU RIGHT
HERE AFTER MY
SPEECH!

THESE BOYS AND
GIRLS SEEM TO
KNOW ALREADY HOW
IMPORTANT IT IS TO
COLLECT WASTE
PAPER!

SAY -- WHEN
THEY GO INTO THE
AUDITORIUM, WE
CAN TIE THOSE
BUNDLES FOR
THEM!

JERRY'S PURPOSE ACCOMPLISHED IN FLORIDA; THE LITTLE GROUP GOES ON TO TEXAS

CORTEZ IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN THE LONE STAR STATE --

WHAT -- THESE STICKS OF WOOD!? YOU JOKE!

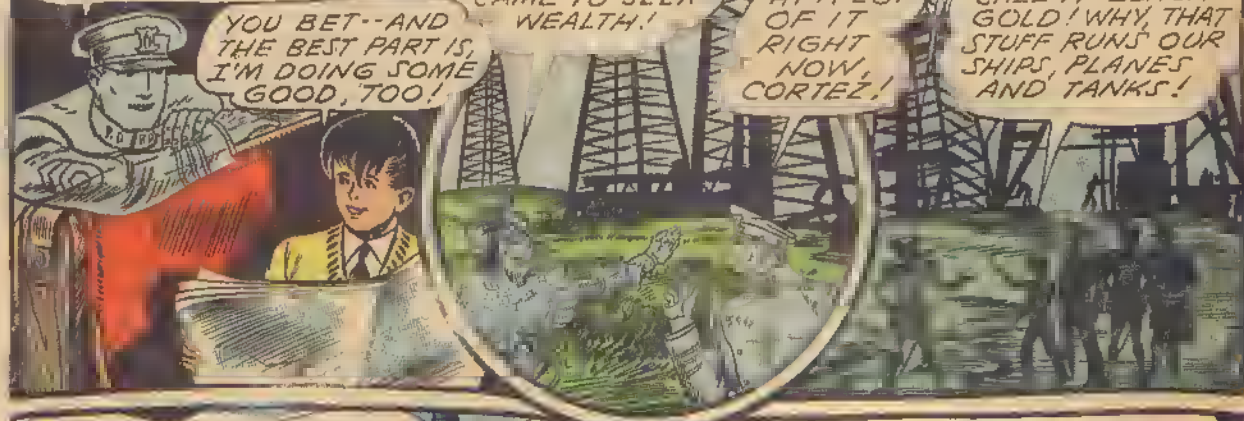
WELL, JERRY, ARE YOU ENJOYING YOUR TRIP?

YOU BET--AND THE BEST PART IS, I'M DOING SOME GOOD, TOO!

THIS IS THE COUNTRY WHERE WE SPANIARDS CAME TO SEEK WEALTH!

YOU'RE LOOKING AT A LOT OF IT RIGHT NOW, CORTEZ!

NO--THESE ARE OIL WELLS! WE CALL IT BLACK GOLD! WHY, THAT STUFF RUNS OUR SHIPS, PLANES AND TANKS!

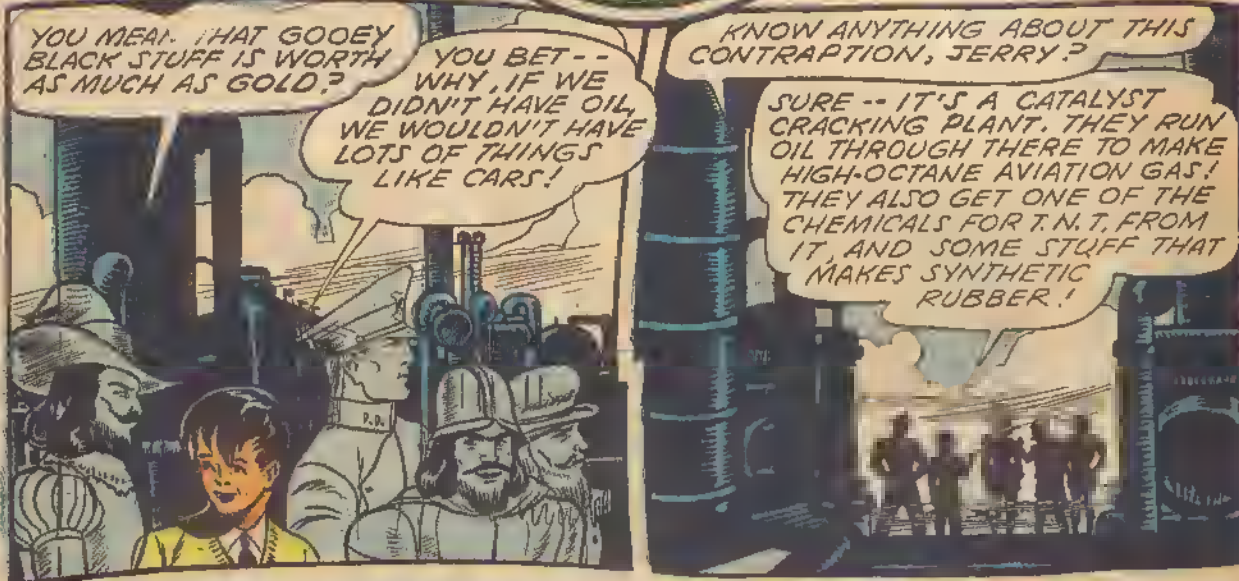


YOU MEAN THAT GOOEY BLACK STUFF IS WORTH AS MUCH AS GOLD?

YOU BET-- WHY, IF WE DIDN'T HAVE OIL, WE WOULDN'T HAVE LOTS OF THINGS LIKE CARS!

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS CONTRAPTION, JERRY?

SURE -- IT'S A CATALYST CRACKING PLANT. THEY RUN OIL THROUGH THERE TO MAKE HIGH-OCTANE AVIATION GAS! THEY ALSO GET ONE OF THE CHEMICALS FOR T.N.T. FROM IT, AND SOME STUFF THAT MAKES SYNTHETIC RUBBER!



HMM -- WELL, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD ANY USE FOR IT IN MY DAY, JERRY--WE DIDN'T USE ANY MOTORS THEN!

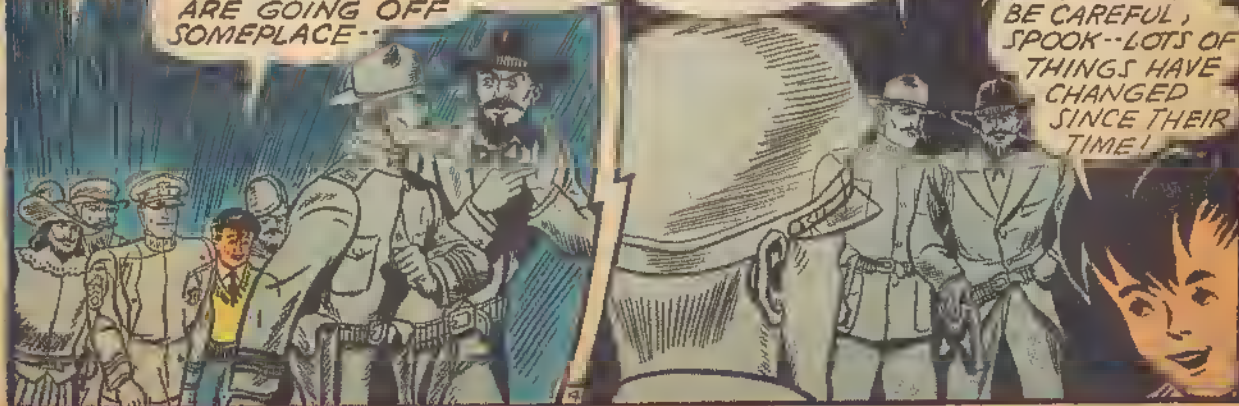
GUESS THAT'S RIGHT, MR. CORTEZ... HEY, DAVEY

CROCKETT AND SAM HOUSTON ARE GOING OFF SOMEPLACE--

I'D KIND OF LIKE TO LOOK AROUND-- IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF THE ALAMO HERE!

AND I WANT TO MEET UP WITH A COUPLE MORE O' THEM INJUN VARMINTS!

TELL THEM TO BE CAREFUL, SPOOK--LOTS OF THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THEIR TIME!



DAVY AND SAM GO SIGHT-SEEING ALONE!

-DAVY--AIN'T THAT A COUPLE O' REDSKINS?

YUP--UP TO MISCHIEF, TOO! LOOK AT THEM! PROBABLY PLOTTIN' TO HOLD UP A TAGECOACH!

RECKON IT'S A GOOD THING WE HAPPENED ALONG! COME ON!

DAVY--LOOK! THEY'RE SPYIN' ON UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS! --- THAT'S AN ARMY CAMP DOWN THERE!

YUP-- I RECKON THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO AMBUSH THE CAMP!

WE HAVE COME FAR, MY SON, BUT HERE IS THE ARMY CAMP!



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE-- LET'S GET DOWN THAR AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT!

IF WE CAN'T WARN 'EM OURSELVES, MEBBE WE CAN GET JERRY TO DO IT!

SAM HOUSTON-- DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO?

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY--I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES! THOSE FELLERS ARE INJUNS!!



LOOK AT ALL THE UNITED STATES ARMY EQUIPMENT THEY'VE CAPTURED! WHUT D'YA SUPPOSE THIS MEANS?

WHY THEY'RE PLANNING AN UPRISING AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, O' COURSE! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!

AND, AT THAT MOMENT, THE TWO VISITORS FROM GHOST TOWN HEAR...

ZERO HOUR! START THE ATTACK! THIS IS OUR LAST REHEARSAL SO MAKE IT GOOD!

HEAR THAT!? WE'VE GOT TO GET JERRY AND TELL HIM TO WARN THE ARMY! HURRY!



WAIT--I AIN'T
RUNNIN' AWAY!
WE'LL STAND
AND FIGHT!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
LOAD UP,
DAVY!

G-GOSH--THOSE
THINGS LOOK AWFUL
BIG FROM CLOSE
UP, DON'T THEY?
MY BULLET DIDN'T
EVEN DENT IT!

MEBBE WE'D
BETTER BEAT
A STRATEGIC
RETREAT!



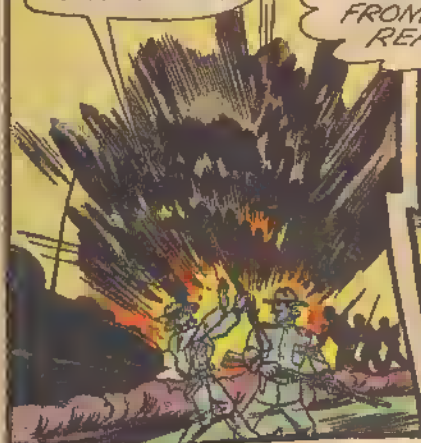
I GUESS JERRY COULD
TELL US HOW TO
HANDLE THOSE
INFERNAL
MACHINES!

BUT, BEFORE THEY
CAN GET STARTED--

YOW!

WE'RE BEIN' ATTACKED
FROM THE
REAR!

YIP--
RUN!



HURRY - HURRY!
THEY'RE AFTER US!



DAVY CROCKETT AND SAM HOUSTON
REJOIN JERRY AND HIS FRIENDS!

QUICK, JERRY--CALL OUT THE
ARMY! THE INTJNS ARE RUNNIN'
AN UPRISING!

THEY
ATTACKED
US...

WHA--OH, WAIT
A MINUTE, BOYS--
READ THAT SIGN
OVER THERE!

HUH!?

WE KNOW THAT--THE
INTJNS HAVE TAKEN
THE PLACE OVER
AND..

OH, NO! THE INDIANS
ARE ALL AMERICAN
CITIZENS NOW!
THEY'RE LEARNING
TO FIGHT FOR
UNCLE SAM!

THE
REDSKINS
ON OUR SIDE?
I DON'T BELIEVE
IT!

OH, SURE--
IN A COUPLE
OF WEEKS,
THEY'LL BE
GOING OVER--
SEAS TO FIGHT
THE AXIS!



U.S. ARMY
DESERT TRAINING STATION
NO ADMITTANCE



LATER --

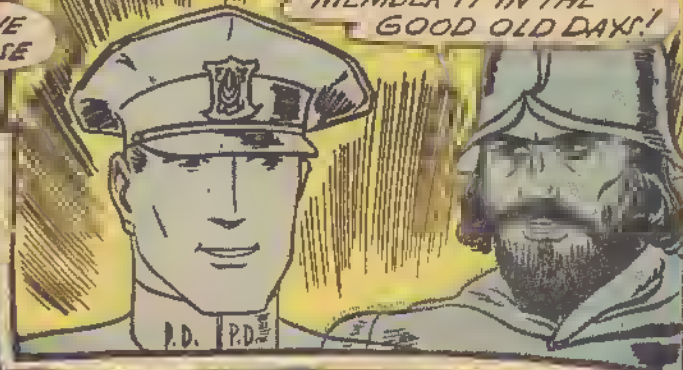
COME ON, FELLOWS,
WE'VE GOT TO
GET TO THE TRAIN
--OUR TRIP'S
ALMOST
OVER!

IT HAS BEEN
AMAZING, SPOOK--
AMAZING!
JUST THINK,
THEY'VE FOUND
THE FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH!

THINGS HAVE CHANGED
A LOT SINCE YOUR DAYS,
EH, BALBOA?

BEYOND RECOGNITION,
SPOOK-- IT'S A WONDER-
FUL COUNTRY NOW, TOO--
BUT, I'D RATHER RE-
MEMBER IT IN THE
GOOD OLD DAYS!

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE
THEY'VE TAMED THOSE
REDSKINS!



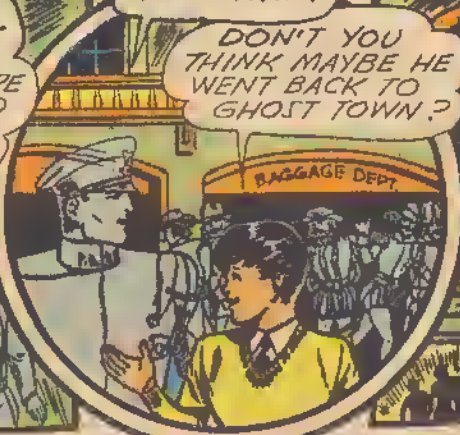
SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE
TRIP ENDS BACK AT THE
PENNSYLVANIA STATION!

SAY, I ALMOST
FORGOT PETER
STUYVESANT --
WE'LL HAVE TO
FIND HIM!

NO, I THINK HE'S
LOOKING AROUND AT
SOME OF THE "HEX"
JERRY! LOOK!

WHEE-
HOME! GUESS MY
FRIENDS WILL
BE GLAD TO GET
BACK TO GHOST-
TOWN, TOO! THEY'RE
ALL FLABBERGASTED
AT THE CHANGES
IN OUR COUNTRY!

DON'T YOU
THINK MAYBE HE
WENT BACK TO
GHOST TOWN?



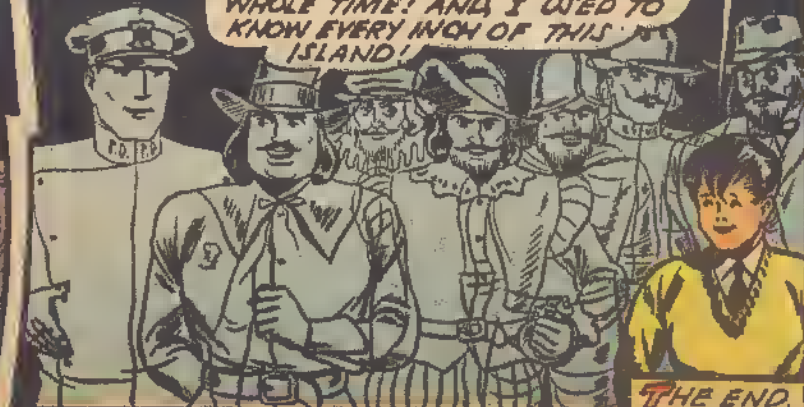
PETER-- HERE WE ARE!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

WELL,
IT'S ABOUT
TIME! DO YOU
REALIZE I'VE
BEEN WAITING
A WHOLE WEEK
FOR YOU?

WELL, DID YOU SEE
ALL YOU WANTED TO
OF MANHATTAN,
PETE?

YEAH-- DID YOU SEE THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY? OR THE
AQUARIUM? OR GRANT'S
TOMB?

I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING!
I'VE BEEN LOST IN HERE THE
WHOLE TIME! AND I USED TO
KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS
ISLAND!



THE END.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

THE villa stood high on the side of the hill, and looking down through interlaced branches of the trees, Bill could see the lights of the harbor and of the town, sprinkled against the night. Uneasily he turned to Karl.

"What makes you think I'm out of luck?" Bill asked.

Karl shrugged slim shoulders. "To begin with, Manuel is afraid of me. If for no other reason, he'll sell all the rubber his trees produced this season to my company. You may as well go back to the States."

Bill walked to a deep easy chair, sat down. "I only just arrived two days ago," he reminded his companion. "I'm not going back on your say so. Manuel's a smart egg. Most of these South American business men are. I doubt very much that he's been scared of you."

"I haven't tried to frighten him," Karl answered. "Nothing so incriminating as that, my friend. I am not foolish. But Manuel knows . . . what might happen if he refused to sell to me."

"How about transportation?"

Karl shrugged. "That happens to be my business."

"And the dough?"

"More of my business," Karl answered. He walked to the wide window, slim body swaying lithely, shoulders thrown back. Bill knew Karl was dangerous in many ways, the type who would go to almost any extent to achieve his goal. Karl warned, "If I don't obtain the rubber, my friend, no one else will. That is something Manuel knows."

"Sounds threatening—"

Karl turned dark blue eyes upon his caller. "Name it what you wish," he said. "I have the jump on you. In my country we do not waste time. I came to a perfect understanding with Manuel long before you arrived. Had I known of your plans, I might have saved you the time and expense of coming."

"I wouldn't have taken your advice." Bill

stood up to go. "I'm not taking it now. I'm not so sure you've got this deal in the bag. I'll be seeing you."

THE cobble-stone lane led down hill, up again. The lights of the town showed below like canary diamonds against black velvet. The air was warm, moist, heavy with the scent of trees and flower gardens on the hillside.

Bill knew he must be careful. Karl was dangerous. This wasn't a run-of-the-day business deal. After Bill had talked to Manuel, he had realized that the little man was holding back. Bill had known he was up against unusual odds. A lot depended upon the success of this trip and Bill didn't want to go back empty handed.

The lane climbed higher. Somewhere a guitar sounded faintly, sweetly. Bill turned a corner, saw his own quarters ahead, secluded, dark—

The sound of the shot came a split second after the impact of the bullet through the fleshy part of Bill's shoulder drove him over into the bushes. He mastered his first second of pain and crawled away through the bushes, came to a narrow path and groped to his feet. He stood there staring back, gritting his teeth.

Someone had deliberately tried to kill him. Who could it have been? Karl or friends of his? Was he here alone?

The first shock was gone and Bill continued on up hill to his quarters. He managed to find what he needed in the line of bandage and iodine. He dressed the wound under his shoulder as best he could, changed clothes and started out again. Evidently Karl, if he were responsible for this, was losing no time. It seemed also to indicate that he wasn't quite so sure of himself. Not where Manuel was concerned.

MANUEL was small, dark, smooth. His eyes took Bill in swiftly, questioningly.

"Sorry to trouble you," Bill apologized. "But something happened I think you ought to

know about. I called on Karl this evening—"

Manuel's bright eyes seemed to cloud uneasily. He said, "Si, Senor. I know the gentleman."

"Gentleman!" Bill laughed. "He just took a pot-shot at me!"

Manuel's eyes blinked rapidly and he leaned forward. "Someone, senor, took a—pot-shot at you? But Karl—you must be mistaken—"

Bill showed the wound. He said, "Karl talked as if he figured he had the deal tied up. When I told him I thought I stood a chance yet, he looked worried. And on the way home—this!"

"There must be some mistake!" Manuel looked flustered, almost frightened. "You could prove nothing . . ."

Bill hesitated, knowing now that Karl had really done his work well, had sold himself to Manuel. This required finesse, had to be handled right and, above all else, would require convincing proof before Manuel could be swayed.

Bill said, "I figured that since you and Karl had reached no agreement, I had a good chance of doing business with you."

"Senor, I have agreed to nothing as yet but—"

"Scared of him?"

"Senor!" Manuel's eyes flashed with indignation. "You forget—"

"Okay," Bill soothed. "Sorry. But I told Karl that I didn't think you'd be foolish enough to do business with him. Our country needs the rubber and it's just as important to your people as to mine. It means protection for us all. If I were you I'd keep an eye open for trouble. Karl doesn't pull his punches. If you knew the truth, it would be that Karl is a foreign agent!"

Many of the lights were out in the town below as Bill climbed once more toward the villa, where he had set up office and living quarters. Uneasiness dogged him. Karl was dangerous and Manuel couldn't be convinced. Proof would be necessary, but how to get that?

Again Bill approached from the back, entered and made his way through the darkness to the screened veranda. He stood in the doorway for a short time, looking down through the trees toward the harbor, listening to the insects outside, once again the faint sound of a guitar. It was late but Bill didn't feel sleepy. His arm ached. Karl had tried once and his next attempt would probably be more successful . . . Karl would be cautious.

Turning back into the front room Bill found and lit the lamp. He straightened—

A familiar voice said smoothly, "I have been waiting, my friend. You were out on—business?"

Bill turned cautiously to face Karl. "Yes, on business. What of it?"

Karl's long legs were stretched out before him as he rested back in the chair. One slim white hand held a slender barreled revolver and Bill recognized the type and laughed.

"What is the joke?" Karl demanded. "It isn't funny—"

"I had you tagged right," Bill said. "That Luger gives you away. And you weren't so sure of yourself or you wouldn't have tried to get me out of the way!"

For a moment Karl hesitated, anger brightening the blue of his eyes. "Very clever," he admitted. "However, what good will it do you now?"

Bill leaned against the table. "What happens when I don't show up tomorrow? I told Manuel I'd be around—"

"Ah, but you won't be! And nothing will happen. You will simply disappear. No one will question it here!"

"Manuel will. He knows about you taking a pot-shot at me earlier tonight. I warned him—"

Karl smiled. "Useless to talk," he said. "By the time Manuel decides to interest himself in your disappearance, my business will be concluded and nothing will matter after that!"

He took out a cigarette from his case, applied the flame of a lighter, eyes flickering for a moment from Bill . . .

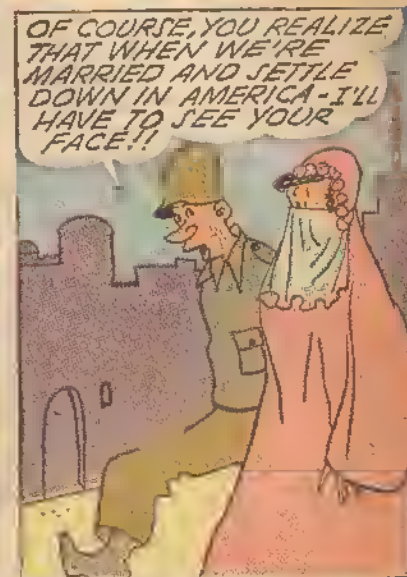
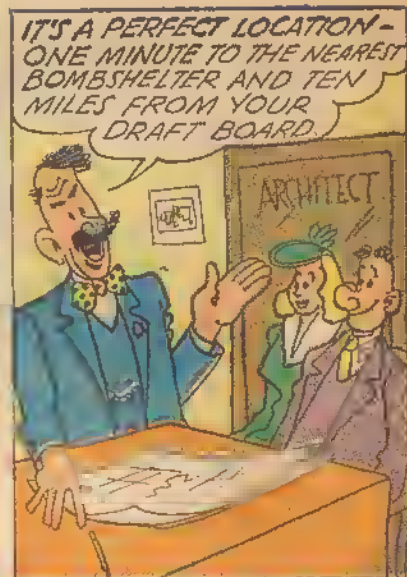
Bill scooped the lamp up, catching it in a sweeping arc of his hand, sending it hurtling straight toward Karl who dropped his lighter, and twisted aside in an effort to duck. His long fingers snatched up the gun. It barked flatly but Bill had leaped to the side, then forward. He drove in as Karl sprang up. They slammed together, crashed over the edge of the chair. Karl's head struck the floor with a dull thud and he moaned once softly and lay still.

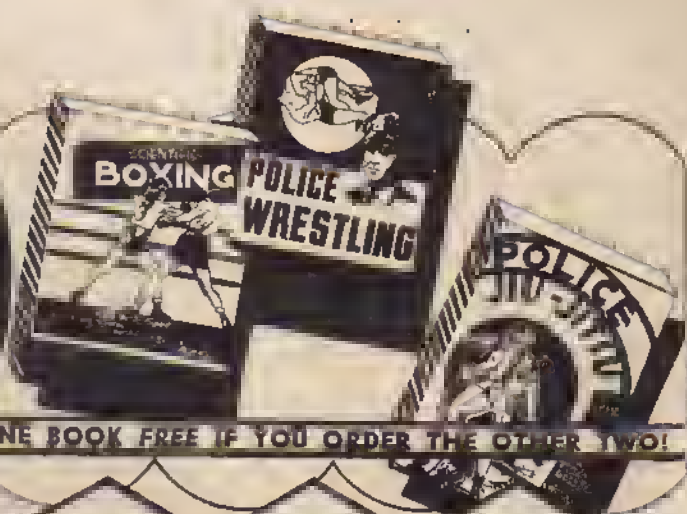
KARL tested bound wrists while Bill looked down, waiting to speak. "Too bad you fumbled," Bill said finally. "You're the smart guy who doesn't incriminate himself—"

"What can you prove?" Karl snarled. "Nothing!"

"I'll leave that part up to the government down here," Bill said. "I think it will be convinced. I've been hoping you'd make a break like this. You hung yourself and made it possible for me to do business with Manuel. Thanks, my friend. Thanks a lot!"

THE END





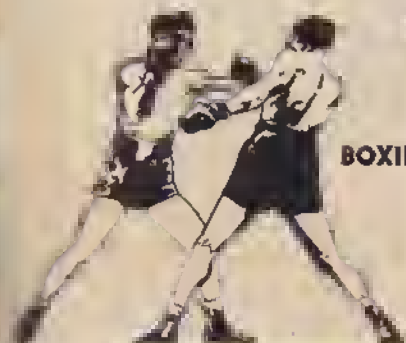
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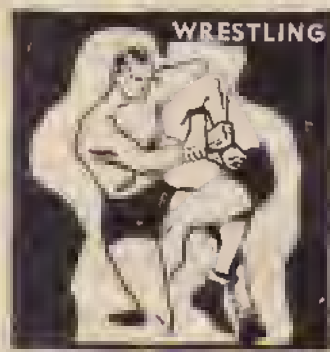
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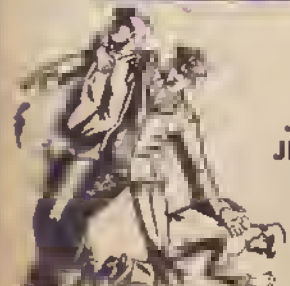
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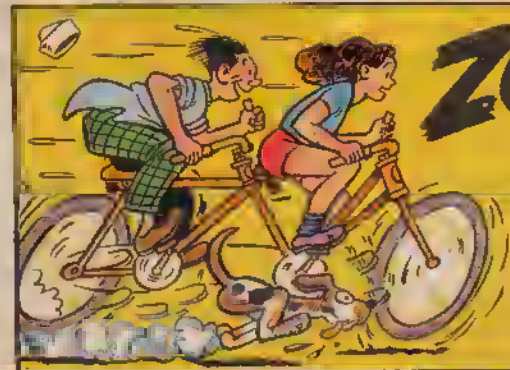
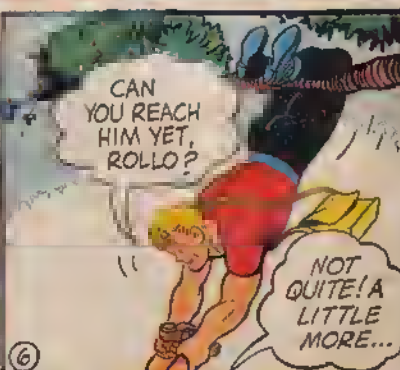
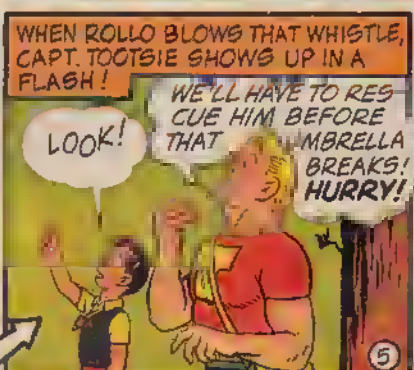
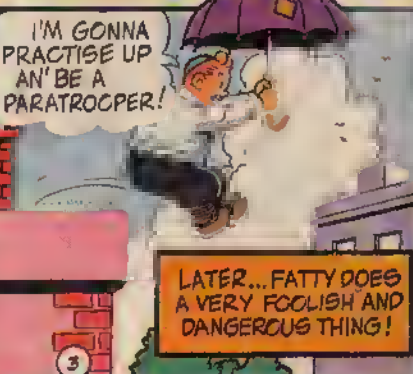
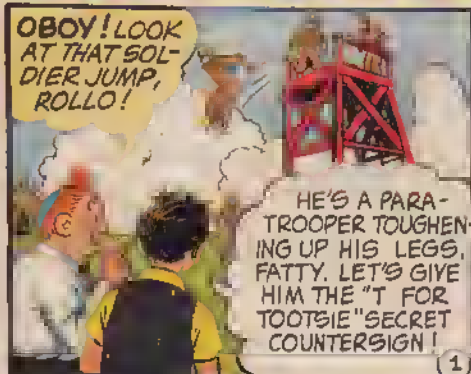
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